WHY VOTE DEMOCRATIC
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

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WHY VOTE REPUBLICAN
by THEODORE ROOSEVELT

OV. 12,
1932

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Liberty

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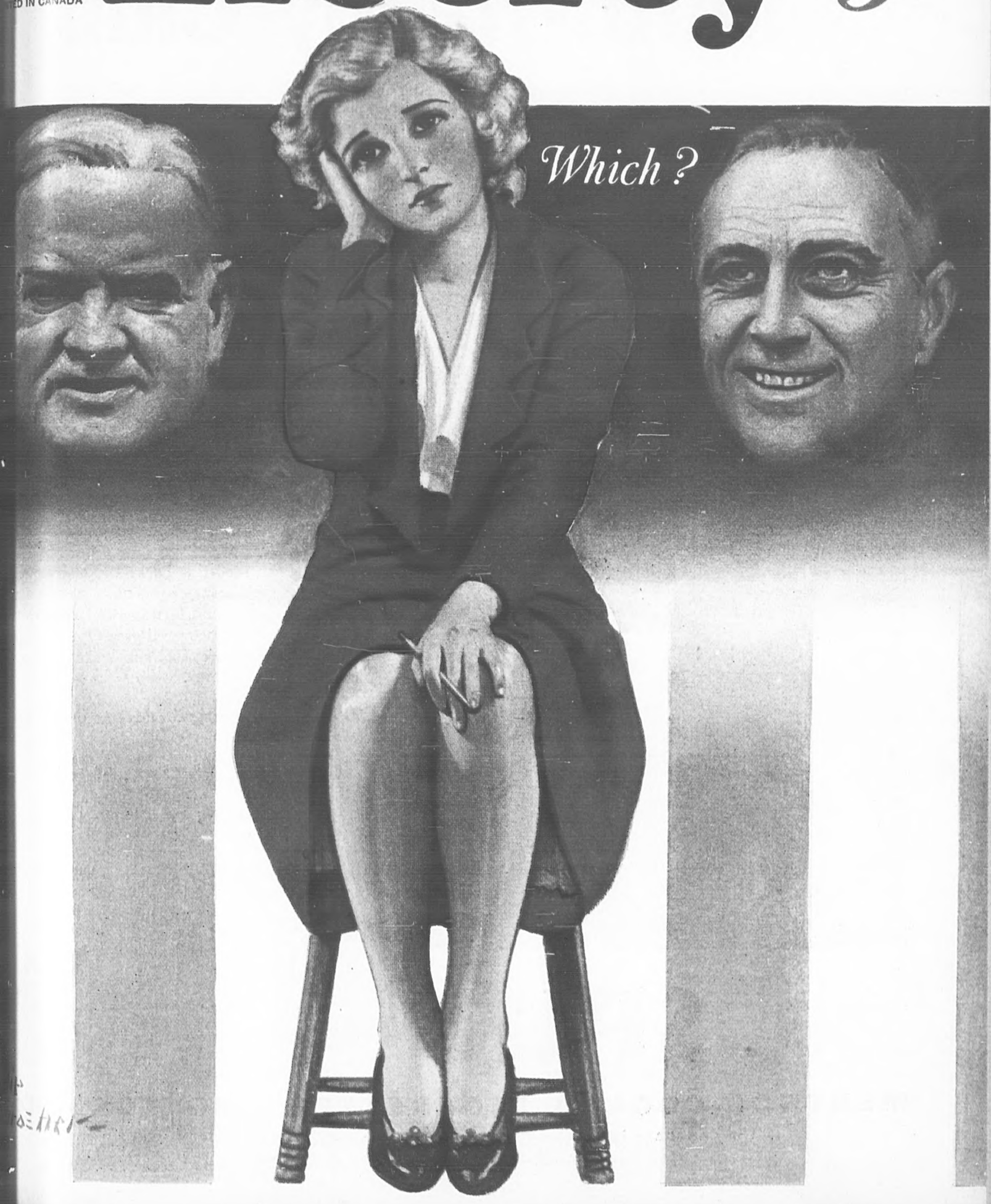

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America's Best Read Weekly

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

THE GREAT POLITICAL BATTLE!

Liberty has no political bias; it attempts to present both sides of political problems.

Because we presented Governor Roosevelt's articles some may have been impressed that we were pro-Democratic.

But we desire at all times to preserve a neutral attitude. We want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

We believe that the intelligent voters of today are gradually becoming more and more independent. There are no more rock-ribbed Republicans or dyed-in-the-wool Democrats. They are gradually disappearing.

Therefore, on November 8 when you cast your ballots, we say: Vote in accordance with the dictates of your conscience and your intelligence. Vote for the man—the ideals and principles that he represents. Leave party politics for unthinking voters, or for those who have made politics a financial game.

Although Liberty may carefully avoid recommending candidates or parties, it has advocated certain definite policies in no uncertain terms.

We have fought the prohibition law with all the ammunition at our command. It has filled the land with racketeers, increased crime, and brought fabulous wealth to criminals. More than anything else, it started this country on the down grade.

The Volstead Act should be annulled at the earliest possible moment. The sale of liquor should be controlled and heavily taxed.

We are paying entirely too much for the privilege of being governed. Governmental costs should be reduced to that *per capita* applied previous to the war.

The government is now endeavoring to restrict and guide business. Politicians with hardly enough business ability to run a peanut stand are telling high-powered executives how to run their business.

Governmental interference with business should be abolished. If the government will confine its operations to governing, and cease activities that attempt to control the morals and other habits of the people, taxes can be materially lowered.

We believe that business executives of this country can settle their own affairs far better without the interference of professional politicians. In former depressions the government stood on the side line. It did not try to make jobs or tell executives how to run their business.

And the appalling character of the present depression is doubtless largely due to the foolish efforts of government officials to remedy our financial troubles. If public improvements of various kinds could be inaugurated, no one could question the helpfulness of such assistance. But business must work out its own problems, and the less governmental interference we have, the better chance there will be for early recovery.

Most workers have to devote too much of their time to earning a living. If the hours of work could be lessened, if we could devote more of our time to wholesome recreation, everybody would find life more satisfying—more ease, comfort, and happiness.

Throw your party principles aside and vote for the candidate who you believe will best serve the people in the serious emergencies which we are now facing. The outstanding object of every office seeker should be added health and happiness for all the people.

We have made serious errors in the recent past. Some Europeans are telling us that we are finished as a world power, that we are on the down grade, and that our descent will be swifter than our rise. And the truth or falsity of this prediction will depend largely upon the force, ability, and intelligence of the officials who are elected on this occasion.

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WHY VOTE DEMOCRATIC

Reduce Expenditures, Readjust Taxes, Relieve Unemployment, Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, and Give the Government Back to the People

Says FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Acme photo

THE Republicans in control of policy have not understood the duties of government toward the people, have not attempted to perform them, and so have not received the public support necessary for good government. The administration has mistaken the Wall Street ticker for the heart of the people. The great mass of the people understand our plans because they are their own—sound, constructive, effective, dependable.

—*Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

TWO distinctly different conceptions of government separate our two great political parties. The failures of our present national administration are due, at base, to the fact that the most powerful Republicans in control of policy have not understood the duties of government toward the people, have not attempted to perform them, indicate neither capacity nor desire to grasp them, and so have not received the full measure of public support necessary for good government.

Many Republican failures have been due to the practice of telling the people what the leaders of that party pretend, or think, or hope is good for them and then forcing the plans upon them. The Democratic way is to learn what the people desire and need and then to secure as much of these as is practically possible with full regard for sound principles of government.

In this article I propose merely to lay before you the Democratic conception of government and its resultant policies in order that you may fully know why I am fighting with all my strength for that idea and these plans, and why all the elements of my party are united to insure a Democratic administration.

We Democrats proudly admit authorship of the political issues in this campaign. They are based upon our conviction that men and women are human individuals to whom modern government owes more than ever certain specific duties. I sincerely feel that there is a guaranty of a successful administration in the specific recommendations which follow.

We propose to reduce the operating cost of your Federal government by no less than twenty-five per cent. We plan to consolidate departments, abolish useless commissions, and to house-clean to the point where the present extravagance is entirely eliminated. We plan to balance the budget year after year by keeping expenses within revenue. We intend to maintain the value of the currency—which is obviously essential but which cannot be maintained unless our finance is sound.

No government finance can be sound unless its revenue is justly derived. This limits taxation to graduated rates on income, to inheritance and profits. There must be no taxation on the necessities of life—"hidden taxation"—whereby they become more expensive to the consumer.

Actually we have no tax system, because each unit of government taxes the most *(Continued on page six)*

WHY VOTE REPUBLICAN

Stand by Hoover, Preserve Our Americanism, Stamp Out Disorder, Balance the Budget, and Continue Common-Sense Aids for Business

Says THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

WE stand at the crossroads. What America does this autumn will make or mar the lives of our children, our children's children. On every side of us the nations are crumbling. As I write, news comes that civil war is raging in Spain. Germany has imposed the death penalty for revolt. South America has had a dozen revolutions during the past year. China is in chaos. The entire civilized world is struggling under the worst economic crisis and disorders known since the Dark Ages.

We have a nation dedicated to the principles of personal liberty, individual effort, and the duties as well as the rights of man. We have held that our goal was the development of the character of our people, not merely their physical preservation.

At this time we are fortunate to have as our President a man who personifies what we like to believe is Americanism. The story of his life is an epitome of the qualities that have made us great—personal integrity, sensible daring, devotion to ideals and common sense. For the last three years he has held steadfastly to the principles enunciated in Philadelphia one hundred and fifty-six years ago, and sanctified by the sweat and blood of the generations that lie behind. Around him has surged a flood of advice, criticism, and abuse of the most virulent type.

Never since the days of the Civil War has the nation been in such danger, and today, as in those times, the strain has brought to the surface every weakness and flaw in our character. Every one of us has read and heard the critics of President Hoover. It is well for us to remember that what he has suffered was suffered by Lincoln as well. During the Civil War that great President, whose memory is now revered by both North and South, was attacked by prominent men and newspapers in the North with a venom and fury that beggars description.

To Washington during the past year have crowded thousands of panic-stricken people to present themselves at the White House or to Congress, shrieking for action—action of any kind. With them came the crack-brained theorists to whom we pay but little attention in normal times but to whom in our panic and desperation we are now far too prone to lend an ear. Hovering over this group were the sinister self-seekers who always sweep down like vultures on the wind of disaster.

Against this multitude *(Continued on page seven)*

Wide World photo

IN the days when my father was one of the leaders of the Republican Party, the Democratic standard bearer consistently opposed his policies. For years we Republicans of New York State have struggled against Tammany Hall. The Democratic standard bearer is Governor of New York State now because of the backing of Tammany Hall, and when it has served his purpose in the past he has been its friend.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

WHY VOTE DEMOCRATIC

(Continued from page four) available source. It is essential that we allot these sources to Federal and local governments to eliminate the present duplication.

The troubles of taxation are magnified by our business depression of today. Relief for unemployment has added to the burden. Savings in governmental costs will provide one of several means to carry out emergency relief. This relief we believe to be a continuous responsibility of government—and the duty of the national administration.

Necessary and useful public works such as flood control, dams for cheaper power, and other self-sustaining projects, the reduction of the hours of labor in order

Acme photo

Governor Roosevelt in action at Yakima, Washington. He spoke at the west Washington state fair.

to "spread" employment—these are all Democratic measures so essential to the relief of unemployment that at this present writing it does not seem possible that the present administration can avoid putting some more of them into effect. Despite this necessity, the administration has exemplified the withdrawal of government from practical contact with its citizens as human individuals.

Nowhere has the loss of this relationship been more harmful than in the administration's policy on business and finance—the heart of our present difficulties.

IN international trade, the political icon of high tariff has defeated the only sound policy to maintain and to restore trade. Our tariff has built a fence about our country which has prevented the bartering and exchange of goods, which would have helped us greatly in times of depression. Three years ago the present administration built this tariff fence even higher, causing the other nations to retaliate. The result has been an additional stagnation of the interchange of goods. A tariff is still necessary to safeguard our American standards of labor in industry. And it is still necessary for revenue. But trade realities, which, after all, are human realities, must be taken into account. Trade barriers of many kinds must be lowered as quickly as possible and methods sanely established by which a reciprocal exchange of goods may be started again and encouraged.

In finance there have been more grave offenses against the public welfare, which means the family happiness, than many another nation could stand without a complete breakdown. The administration has mistaken the Wall Street ticker for the heart of the people. Stock-market rises must be tied up with real rises in values. Unnecessary mergers and consolidations, organized for the purpose of speculation, have ruined many entire industries. The Democratic Party insists that public financing must henceforth be remembered as the financing of industry—which is really made up of men and women working for their happiness and for that of their children. Full publicity on mergers will give us more constructive financing. Unsound holding companies have, by their overcapitalization, brought about an unrestrained financial exploitation of our people. Complete publicity, again, backed by Federal legislation, will prevent widespread financial disaster to our households. None of this the present national administration dares to do. It must and shall be done. Tell the truth.

The Democratic Party believes that any general return of prosperity begins among the proprietors of small independent enterprises, and that from them it extends to skilled and unskilled labor. On this basis we look to agriculture to lead the restoration of purchasing power in the whole nation. Here we are confronted by overproduction in the two great crops of wheat and cotton. Here we propose to scrap the present waste and inefficiency of the speculative functions of the Farm Board, and, instead, to give the farmer really effective tariff protection for the part of his crop which is used in the United States.

NEARLY every phase of economics meshes with the most effective use of the soil. In my native state of New York we have initiated a survey which points the way to the most profitable use of land. So far we find that about twenty per cent of our present land under cultivation is unfit for production and is actually squandering human life by wearing out the farmers in abortive toil, in addition to contributing to a surplus of low-quality produce. This situation exists in every state east of the Mississippi and in many west of it. It brings up the general cost. We propose to discover this useless soil and to remove it from cultivation—not by forcible condemnation but by fair purchase. The removal of this submarginal land from cultivation is a sound investment to the nation, giving immediate returns in the savings of tax expenditures for rural schools, roads, telephone, light, and power lines. There are long-time returns in the reforestation of these areas. If anyone doubts the value of reforestation, then let them look at China.

In the past we have been either city or country people. In some parts of our country I see a new rural-industrial group which will live on small farms but will depend upon industrial employment for the greater part of its cash income. This will give us a much needed industrial-agricultural balance.

I know of no program which will work a one-year marvel. But I believe that the kind of program I have outlined is a sane, effective, and workable approach to the correction of our economic dislocation.

I want to quote but once from my party's platform:

We favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. To effect such a repeal we demand that Congress immediately propose a Constitutional Amendment to truly representative conventions in the states to act solely upon the proposal. We urge the enactment of such measures as will actually promote temperance, effectively prevent the return of the saloon, and bring the liquor traffic into the open under complete supervision and control by the states. We demand that the Federal government effectively exercise its power to enable the states to protect themselves against the importations of intoxicating liquors in violation of their laws. Pending repeal, we favor immediate modification of the Volstead Act to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages of such alcoholic content as is permissible under the Constitution and to provide therefrom a proper and needed revenue.

There is no evasion in the Democratic stand on repeal. It is clear-cut, definite, and will solve this vexatious problem.

Obviously within this space I cannot tell the whole Democratic story, or even properly outline the platform. Important international and financial policies have had to be altogether omitted, but they have been approached in the spirit I have indicated. I have chosen to stress our home policies.

The great mass of the American people understand our plans because they are their own—sound, constructive, dependable, effective.

THE END

WHY VOTE REPUBLICAN

(Continued from page five) President Hoover has stood firm, working every waking hour, carrying such a burden as has rarely been the lot of man. He is not a poser. He has not played to the galleries. He has spoken the truth to our people, telling them not what he thought it would please them to hear, but what he felt they should hear for their own good. Courageously and laboriously he has met problem after problem and put forth clear and definite solutions.

He has staved off the worst of the perils. He has done much toward directing the nation on the road to a sound recovery and would have done infinitely more could he have counted on patriotic coöperation from the lower house of Congress.

Now the battle is joined for the coming autumn. The forces that have been hampering him at every turn have taken the field and are attacking from every angle.

IN the front ranks are the Democrats. By their actions in the past we must judge them today. We can rightly take the actions of their duly elected representatives in Congress as a foretaste of what their performance will be should we put them in power. They have made no attempt to work out a constructive program. They have sought to catch every element by making glittering promises which they cannot fulfill. They have called for every kind of impractical remedy from pork-barrel post offices to the planting of a billion trees. They have adopted the easy fallacy of advocating the unchecked expenditure of money and the creation of colossal debts as a remedy for financial depression and government deficit. Never since the world began has this policy been successful and it never will be. Any sensible man or woman knows that the way to get out of debt is not to spend more money than you receive. The unbridled use of borrowed money to cure a governmental financial deficit will either bring the nation to literal bankruptcy or it will pass on to our children the crushing burdens of repaying money spent for ourselves.

Meanwhile the Socialists have plunged into the breach with the suggestion that the government own everything, run all business, divide all proceeds equally, and that everyone shall be employed thereby. In other words, they suggest that individual liberty and initiative be eliminated from the American nation. The Communists have advocated riot and revolution, apparently with the general theory that their way to build up is to destroy. The ultra-conservatists have talked of a dictatorship. All these forces have been ranged against President Hoover and the Republican Party. All are subversive and un-American and would make of the nation for which our fathers worked and died a changeling unrecognizable by our children. Against all of them President Hoover has stood firm and preserved for us and the generations that are to come a country embodying our traditional ideals.

The United States is still American and is going to stay so. That is the issue in the campaign and we will fight it out on those lines. Do we wish our country to be made a laboratory for wholesale experiments in government ownership, tariff tinkering, or currency inflation? We are interested in the welfare of all peoples, but our interest primarily is in the United States. We hold no brief for the internationalists who conceal their indifference to the American wage-earner behind a thin veil of sentimentality about the brotherhood of nations under free trade. We hold no brief for the intellectual descendants of Bryanism, who still seem to believe that there is something sacrosanct in a dollar bill, no matter how many billions of them are printed, provided it be done by government presses; who vaguely believe that in some fashion by multiplying dollars you multiply wealth, whereas all sensible people know that you merely decrease the purchasing power of the medium of exchange.

I do not accuse the Democratic standard bearer of advocating all these theories. However, they are all held in a lesser or greater degree by component elements of the group that is backing him, and any sensible individual knows that when you marry you do not merely marry your wife but her family as well. I do charge that the Democratic standard bearer has consistently opposed Republican principles. I do charge that in the days when my father was one of the leaders of the Republican Party, the Democratic standard bearer consistently opposed his policies.

For years we Republicans of New York State have struggled against the sinister influence of Tammany Hall. The Democratic standard bearer is Governor of New York now because of the backing of Tammany Hall, and when it has served his purpose in the past he has been its friend.

Should he be elected we will be putting in control of the affairs of our nation a group forming a compendium of these ideas. From every side the severest pressure will be brought to bear on him to lend himself to these theories. His actions during the last year in New York State, when the question of Tammany corruption has been to the fore, have certainly given us no satisfactory proofs of that steadfastness to principle which we require of a President.

Acme photo

President Hoover in his native state of Iowa, at Des Moines, defends his administration's record.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, on the other hand, when re-elected will be concerned only with putting into execution the sound, common-sense policies he has been advocating, policies in accord with American principles. They are not flashy. They point no easy road. But there is no easy road. Christian did not reach the Delectable Mountains until he had climbed the Hill of Difficulty, passed through the Valley of the Shadow, and withstood the temptations of Vanity Fair.

I have an abiding faith in the solid common sense of the American people. They are not concerned primarily with the easiest way for the present. They are thinking in terms of the children. We want to leave to our sons and daughters an unspotted heritage. There is one way and one way alone we can do it: by facing facts.

First we must balance our budget, for on that all government stability depends. We must stamp out lawlessness and disorder and make everyone realize that we intend to see that no minority pulls down our governmental structure. We must provide common-sense aids for the recovery of business. We cannot talk prosperity back. We have got to work it back. All of these thoughts and principles are embodied in our President.

The Republican Party, under President Hoover, has set up practical agencies for leading the country safely back to prosperity. To be successful, these must be administered by the men whose wisdom devised them for the purposes and in the spirit they were conceived.

As Lincoln said, "The American people know it is not well to swap horses while crossing a stream." Herbert Hoover will be elected this autumn.

THE END

Love Is LIKE THAT

The Story of an Artist Whose Pen Drew Him Into Matrimony

By FRANK LEON SMITH

(Reading time: 22 minutes 29 seconds.)

"HOW do you know it's really love, Tom?"

"I knew from the very first moment. A man always knows."

Sally Ann gave him her lips in sweet surrender, and then, with her golden head against his shoulder, she and Tom stared, misty-eyed, through the violet depths of the gathering dusk, and into the glory that was all their tomorrows, while the waves beat gently on the shore, and somewhere a sea gull screamed.

THE END

NOW that might have been the finale of as pretty a love story as you ever heard, complete—with gorgeous Sally Ann Lindsey as Heroine; husky, red-headed Tom Haskell as the Hero; with flowered Wilmington and Carolina Beach as the settings; and a surf rescue taking the place of the sprained ankle that has thrown so many lovely damsels into the arms of the ultimate, shining knight.

The story had a lot of good-natured kidding in it, for it pleased cheerful Boston Tom Haskell to pretend this courtship was in the period of the Civil War, with himself as "only a drummer boy in blue, from up Nawth, while you—fairest flower of the Southland—you are a rebel, an enemy, sir (or suh), ready to denounce me because I can't manage my 'yo'-alls,' but Ah love you truly, even if you have me shot as a spy—I mean spah."

There was plenty of opposition, too, in the form of a swarm of swains who cut in progressively, so that a dance with Sally Ann meant only a couple of turns and a half to Tom; and whose very numbers were as confusing to her as to him, since she felt she belonged to them all. Indeed, more than once Tom was a bit abrupt with these ardent, romantic, and slow-spoken "Beauregard Fitzhugh Lees," as he called them, for though they were darned nice chaps, he had to get back to his job in the Boston Trombone art department, and he had a heap of co'tin' to do.

He did it so well, and he was so personable, and so acceptable to Judge and Mrs. Lindsey—and to Sally Ann of course—that the story could have ended with the little scene on the beach. But, you see, Tom Haskell was an artist, and Sally Ann's classic features had inspired him.

"Classic" is a poor word if it suggests to you something lifeless. It was the sheer beauty and the purity of line in the drawing of Sally Ann's face, whether in animation or repose, that stirred Tom. The night before he was to leave for Boston he showed her three drawings he had made in his hotel room in snatched moments when he wasn't with Sally Ann in person, and they proved he had been very much with her in spirit.

"Why, Tom! I declare this girl looks like me! Or am I just conceited?"

"She's you all right, honey. And between you and me, I'm hoping this is the beginning of fame and fortune for Mr. and Mrs. Sally Tom Lindsey Haskell."

Lest you think that Tom was one of those Simon-pure geniuses whose work is hung in the better galleries and the Metropolitan, he was a comic artist and drew a daily strip called Jake the Deceiver. Now he was taking his first crack at a Sunday page in a new series he was calling Gertie and Grover.

But as to his ability with the pen, there was no question. He had a fast, sketchy line, and amazing feeling for form. Literally he could draw anything, in any perspective.

"On my way to the frozen North," he told Sally Ann, "I'm going to stop off in New York and see can I find a home for me and the series. And if I do, the air around here is just going to be filled with nuptials and bridal bouquets and the howls—"

"I'm just thrilled to death, Tom!"

"—and the howls of the disappointed caballeros, as the hated Abolitionist bears away his bride from the land of the slave-floggers, will reach—"

"Now you hush! But, Tom, sweet, I don't like 'Gertie.' Couldn't you call me 'Trudie'?"

"Why, sure. And—let's see—for Grover—wait a minute! How about 'Toover'? We'll call it, 'Trudie and Toover.'"

"And, Tom—instead of having her in a department store, wouldn't it be more fun to make her a sort of society girl? You know—"

"Yes, darling; but after the first two or three, what would I do for material? That's what you have to worry about in this game."

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

THEIR three friends came running up, grinning, pirouetting, and shaking their hands over their heads like prize fighters.

"Oh, don't think I don't like her just as she is. She's just too wonderful, and so are you," and she pulled down his head and kissed him.

"WHAT a gorgeous girl!" the managing editor of the New York Bugle said. "I didn't know you drew girls, Mr. Haskell."

"Well, I didn't use to, but I thought I'd like to branch out. The Boston Trombone can't use a Sunday page, so I thought I'd drop in here."

"Go up and see Baker; then get in touch with me."

When Tom Haskell left, the managing editor muttered to his assistant, "That kid's got a gold mine. Hope he doesn't know it. Get me Baker on the phone."

Fred Baker was manager of the Bugle Syndicate. In his outer office a merry girl with black hair and brown eyes was sitting on a desk, gripping its edge and admiring her legs, which were thrust out straight before her, as she talked comics with Buggsey Newman, who wrote a daily homespun poem for the syndicate. In particular they were talking about Jake the Deceiver, a series that ran every day in the Boston Trombone.

Because he noticed everything, Tom Haskell saw, when he came in, that she was wearing a businesslike gray tailored skirt and coat, a silk blouse cut nicely low, with a ruffled business and a large cameo; and gun-metal stockings, and black pumps with buckles on them and heels about half the average height.

She smiled at him but didn't put her legs down until she had clicked her heels together twice, probably for a semicolon for Buggsey's interrupted speech.

When she glanced at his card with its plain "Tom Haskell," she was all animation. She gasped, hopped to her feet, and gave him a smile that seemed to make a friendship of it, and one that had started long before.

"Psychic Phenomenon in Bugle Office!" she cried. "Devil Appears on Dot!"

Tom and Buggsey stared at each other and at her. She went on excitedly, "Famous Artist Pays Surprise Visit. Jake the Deceiver Here Incognito! Shake, Jake! This is Mr. Buggsey Newman. I'm Mildred. We've been following your stuff for months—and we've just this minute been talking about you!"

The two young men laughed as they shook hands, and Buggsey explained, "You have to get used to Millie, Mr. Haskell. She talks in headlines half the time."

Tom turned to find her looking at him in frank admiration. Her face lighted up. She sprang at a heavy swivel chair and trundled it toward him. "City Loses Heart to Modest Boston Boy! Brooklyn Girl Places Chair for Notable and Drops Dead for Joy. School Children Sing!"

"Gosh, Mildred," said Tom, the cerise of his face challenging the rusty red of his hair, "I can't blush any more. Boston Boy Staggered. Admires Big Bugle Build-

ing and Beautiful Brooklyn Girl but Fears Keys of City His by Mistake."

They were so friendly that already he had lost his nervousness at the prospect of his interview with Baker. Presently Mildred gestured toward his bundle and said, "Bugle Menials Unable to Wait Until Christmas. Plead Piteously for Glance at Art Treasures."

Pleased, Tom removed paper and string, and again Mildred gasped. "'Trudie and Toover! Fun in a Department Store'! Isn't she marvelous, Buggsey? Gibson and Christy and Stanlaws, all in a few pen lines. Toover the floorwalker is swell, but I'm crazy about Trudie." Oddly enough, she looked up quickly at Tom and asked, "Who is she?"

Tom was confused. "Oh, you know. Just a character. Sort of a pretty girl—at least, I tried to make her so."

She considered this in silence, then burst out, "But Trudie is more than just a character in a comic. I can see her graduating from one department to another in the store—from hardware and garden furniture to—oh, jewelry, anything. This idea is grand. You can always be so timely and seasonable—toys at Christmas, and millinery for Easter, and jewelry for the June bride; fireworks for the Fourth; and furs—don't forget how gorgeous she'll be, modeling fur coats. And this gives you a chance to draw lots of other smart girls too."

Tom was astonished, she had his idea so thoroughly in mind.

She rattled on, "And then maybe you could make her head of the social service bureau, so she could run the store dances and shows and outings—"

Then a buzzer summoned her to Baker's office. Fred Baker, a stout, neat man with a mustache, who looked more Wall Street than Newspaper Row, waited until the door with its pneumatic check had eased to a close. "I'm expecting a chap named Haskell."

Her eyes danced. She kissed her finger tips to the air. "Clangor Heard Around World as Boston Boy Rings Bell! Punk Cartoonists Flee to Hills in Terror as Real Artist Arrives!"

"Shut up, you fool!" Baker whispered loudly. "He'll hear you."

"I won't shut up!" she whispered just as loudly. "He's got a corking new Sunday page—better than anything we've ever had."

"Burgess just phoned me he was good, but not to get excited before we had him signed."

"Good? He's great! Buggsey and I just told him—"

"I'll wring Buggsey's neck, and yours too! What's he got?"

She told him, and added, "You are going to sign him up, aren't you, Fred?"

"Go on out and send him in!"

"Downtrodden Wage Slave Totters Weakly Out," she said, and before opening the door she looked at him meaningly, and made a writing motion in the air, and whispered, "On the dotted line—you know."

"IF Millie is for you," Buggsey was saying, "you're fixed. She weighs a lot around here, for she certainly knows the game."

Millie came in, smiled at Tom, and jerked her head and a thumb in the direction of Baker's door. "Faithful Slave Betrays Master. Go on in, Jake, and don't be afraid to hold out for your price. He'll be crazy about your stuff."

After Tom left, there was silence in the outer office for a while, then Buggsey said, "What's wrong with you all of a sudden? Your cameo's jumping around like a small kettle on a hot stove. Is Millie's little heart beating so—"

Millie flamed to the cameo at her breast. She caught up a heavy ruler. "Lousy Laureate Leaps to Lair to Avoid Assassination! Punk Poet Saves Miserable Hide as Overworked Office Girl Goes Mad. Ten Dead, Fifty Injured. Beat it, will you, Buggsey? I'm busy."

As evidence, she went to a steel filing cabinet and unlocked a drawer. Buggsey hoped for the moment that it was where Fred's Scotch was kept, but he was disappointed. When he had departed, Millie closed her eyes and smiled, and put her hand to the cameo as though that would stop its stirring.

When she looked at the filing cabinet she saw she had opened the contract drawer. Then she laughed aloud. She got out a copy of Paul Fuerst's contract—he was their biggest shot and his contract the most complicated. Putting the necessary paper and carbons in her machine, she made a careful draft—with all the legal jargon of City of New York, County of New York, State of New York, and parties of the first and second part—of an agreement between the New York Bugle and Tom Haskell. She carried it as far as she could without specific data, and then went into Baker's office with a copy and her book.

Baker and Tom Haskell were sitting with their feet on a low radiator at the window, smoking and talking. "Is this all right so far?" she said to Baker; and to Tom, who had jumped to his feet promptly with native politeness that had been brought to a high polish in the gallant South, "Have you ever worked in New York before?"

He didn't have a chance to say more than "No," for Fred Baker exploded.

"What the living, breathing, jumped-up, jiminy judas priest is this!"

"Isn't it what you want—or will want?" Millie asked calmly, while Tom looked on in amazement.

FRED BAKER glared at her and at the contract. He swung around to Tom. "Mr. Haskell, this isn't the New York Bugle—this is the Daily Patterson! Miss Mildred Patterson here, is editor, publisher, and staff! What price dignity around here!"

He turned his back to them and stared fiercely at the wall. Millie still was smiling, and so was Baker when he looked around. "Oh, what's the use of trying to finesse? We'd like to have you, Haskell, if we can speak the same language about the money. Pull up a chair, Millie, and get out your book. What are you getting in Boston? What do you want for doing six Jakes a week and a Trudie page every Sunday? We'll get this in some kind of shape to show Burgess."

Later, when all essential dotted lines had been filled in, and Tom Haskell had departed for Boston, Millie was tidying Fred Baker's office. "Do you know, Millie," said Baker, "that boy Haskell is an awful nice young feller?"

"Aged Syndicate Man Speaks Parable. Staff Collapses at Astounding Sign of Intelligence."

"Who's aged? I'll crown you! But, honest, he's so simple and naïve I could watch his mind work. The blonde girl in that series is his sweetheart."

"Oh," said Millie.

"He can draw like a fool, and that romantic angle makes it all the more interesting. Come to think about it, this is the first time, outside of the movies, I ever heard of a feller drawin' a real girl. You know how comic characters are always imaginary—although, at that, you can't tell. Most comic men are such rotten draftsmen you don't know if they have Mona Lisa or Mag the Rag in mind. Anyhow, it was a nice feeling to be able to help him out. Kind of like a fairy godfather."

Millie was putting letters together back to back and upside down because she couldn't see very clearly. To try out her voice she pretended to be counting something, "Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen," and then she said over her shoulder, "Well, spread your wings, fairy godfather, or you'll miss the five twenty-eight."

After he had gone she sat in his chair. There was a pipe in the ash tray. Baker didn't smoke a pipe. It was Tom's. She picked it up and held the bowl against her cheek. And then she put her head down on the desk and cried. Like Tom Haskell, she had never been in love before. "Drawbridge Opens as Brooklyn Girl Reaches for Rainbow," she thought. "Everything Smashed. No Hope for Survivor as Troops Guard Ruins to Prevent Looting." . . .

One Saturday afternoon in early winter, Tom Haskell was digging out a letter at Millie's typewriter with stiff forefingers, his feet twisted into the pedestal of her chair, a four-furrowed frown on his brow. "How do you spell 'Straits'—for Straits Settlements?" he asked Millie.

When he had addressed the envelope, he relighted his pipe, and read over the eight pages he had written.

They contained a cheerful young report of success. With the resources of the big Bugle Syndicate behind him, Tom and his work had prospered. One hundred and thirty papers were using the Jake dailies, and Trudie, in color, was appearing in over two hundred cities every Sunday.

Grouchy editors had written letters of congratulation to Fred Baker—and he had showed some of them to Tom, who was not the kind to become swell-headed and difficult to manage. A smart New York garment shop for women was paying him a royalty for the use of "Trudie Towne" in their advertising; he had signed for a series of short Trudie motion pictures; and a radio advertiser wanted to give the famous lady a voice in nightly broadcasts.

Now wherever he went in New York he was known as the chap who drew that gorgeous Trudie girl. Everybody at the Bugle had been wonderful to him, and, altogether, Mr. Tom Haskell was willing to confess in writing that the only thing lacking to make him perfectly happy was Trudie in person. Therefore he had been working night and day to get ahead on his work so that he could meet her in Shanghai perhaps, but certainly in Honolulu.

His letters, typewritten, since she had protested she couldn't read his atrocious script—had followed her halfway around the globe. She had left on a world cruise shortly after he went to New York, and she had stopped here and there for weeks at a time with her hostess—a Mrs. Buell, who was traveling with her son, Buzz, convalescing after an airplane crash.

TOM turned to find her looking at him in admiration. She sprang at a swivel chair and trundled it toward him.

"MILLIE, will you look up how much postage this'll take?" Tom asked. "This ought to catch her at Singapore."

Millie knew whom he meant by "her." Everybody in the syndicate and a lot of outsiders knew about the girl who had inspired the hand that drew Trudie. While she was thumbing the pages of a Postal Guide, a leisurely office boy strolled in with a bunch of papers and letters. "Hi, Tomaso," he said in the easy democracy of the newspaper office, "here's one for you. Gimme the stamp, willya?"

Millie saw Tom's face light up as he seized the thin envelope with its Indian stamp and postmark, but when, later, she turned to him with the information he wanted, he wasn't smiling. The letter was in one dangling hand. The other hand was drumming on the desk, and Tom had a collapsed look, as though his spine had been withdrawn.

"Five cents for the first ounce, and three—"

"Never mind," he said in a voice not his, and after two attempts he heaved himself out of the chair and started for the door.

"Tom!" she said. "What is it?"

He gestured with the letter. "She was married—aboard ship—to this fellow, Buzz Buell. Everybody in the cruise party is so excited—" And by his bitterness she knew he was quoting this last.

Millie—who casually kissed all the Bugle comic men, and did their telephone fibbing for them, and took their troubles to her heart—Millie was shocked. This was no ordinary smash, for Tom's affair was almost one of the Great Loves of All Time which one of the syndicate men wrote about.

"I wasn't the romantic type," said Tom hollowly. "I—I wrote typewritten letters—and seemed almost a stranger—and Buzz needs her—and, well, isn't that enough?" he finished fiercely.

"Oh, Jake—you poor darling!"

"Shut up! I'm not a poor darling. Say, has Fred got any Scotch in his room? I feel like a big hooker—"

She put her arms around his neck. "Oh, Jake—I'm so sorry. Please don't start drinking that awful stuff. It won't help any—and the gutter is only a few weeks away from the biggest man in the business if he lets go. I've seen it happen. Poor Jake—we all love you—and we know what a wallop this is—but don't—"

Fred Baker threw open his door. Millie took her time about disengaging herself, and looking sharply at Tom, Fred saw that only the greatest of disasters could make him look like that, a disaster caused by his beautiful romance going on the rocks.

"Tom, come in here. You too, Millie," he said, and when they were seated in his office he told them the Bugle was going to get behind Tom with the biggest campaign ever started to boost a comic man.

Right now they wanted some fine big heads of Trudie for three sheets and the sides of delivery trucks and wagons.

"Huh! That's funny!" said Tom. "Even I can laugh at that one!"

Then Millie explained. Fred Baker thought if a girl could do that to a chap like Tom, he was well rid of her, but he didn't say so. Instead, starting in with "So

you're going to lay down on me, eh?" he deliberately appealed to the redhead in Tom's make-up, and in no time at all was so successful that he won from Tom an offer to punch his nose. Then Millie turned on her boss in fury and said he was a beast, and worked up such an atmospheric pressure that only the rain of her tears could clear it.

Presently, when the three were calm again, Fred once more took up the matter of the drawings they wanted for exploitation. "By the way, Jake," he asked, "will this make any difference to you about the characters in your Sunday page?"

Tom Haskell shook his head. "Nope. Trudie is Sally Ann—and always will be," he said, and, as Millie and Fred Baker exchanged glances, "When do you want those heads?"

At the close of the conference, Fred Baker had a sudden hunch. "Buggsey, Paul Fuerst, and Bill Raynor are going to Florida on Paul's boat. You're well up on your work, and you can send your new stuff by air mail. Why don't you go along with them? Fish, swim, golf, soak up some sun—get your mind off your fleas; do you good."

Tom considered, and grinned. "Get Paul on the phone, will you, Millie, old dear?" he said.

That was in early December. One day, late in April, when Buggsey and Bill Raynor were shooting some golf over at Miami Beach, Tom Haskell was finishing the drawing for a Sunday page in the main saloon of Paul's big boat in Biscayne Bay.

Paul came aboard with a lot of mail, gave Tom his, and plumped down to read his own.

Millie turned on her boss in fury and said he was a beast.

"Say, Paulus," said Tom after a time, "what the devil is Fred Baker driving at? Listen: '—and as for you, you lazy snow-dodger, when are you going to make up your mind if Trudie is a blonde or brunette? These beauty transformations are all very well for Hollywood, but the comic page is no place for them!' Say, I'll knock his block off!"

BIG bald Paul Fuerst grinned at Tom, and got up and went to a cabinet where he kept a file of his own reproductions, torn from Sunday supplements. Whistling off key, he brought a page almost a year old, and spread it before Tom. "Here's one of yours—your first in the Bugle—on the back of one of mine. Now look at that baby you just finished. I can't tell you just when Trudie ceased to be your fair blonde damsel from the sunny South, but I can tell you that now she looks mighty like unto a certain Mildred Patterson."

Tom looked at the old reproduction and at his new drawing, and gasped, and swallowed, and swore. "My God, Paul, how long have I been drawing Millie? Honest, I thought I was always drawing Sally Ann—even after the crash. Sort of an old-rose-and-lavender loyalty."

"Well, muh boy, this has been going on a long time. This gal of yours has been sort of coming to life. A little shorter and darker each time, but always much more beautiful, to my eye. If you ask me, you're just getting smart. Millie is a peach, and she's been feeding you ideas right along, and boosting you to the skies—"

"Say, Paul—do you think she'd have me?"

Paul did, and so did Buggsey and Bill Raynor, who came aboard just then. They thought so vociferously. And they argued Tom out of taking the first train for New York. "She's never been anywhere or had any fun," said Bill. "Get her down here, under the moon and palms, and let her have a little real romance."

So Tom wired Fred Baker a thousand dollars and told him to give it to her as a bonus from the syndicate, and to put her on the Florida train at once, or he'd resign.

WHEN the Wedding Special, as they called her train, rolled in, ages later, Tom, in immaculate whites, was waiting. Another train was standing in the Miami station, winning curses from him. Finally he climbed across a platform and dropped down in the space between the two trains. The passengers were having to get out on the left side of their cars. Presently he spotted in the distance a bag he remembered having seen in Millie's office.

He sprinted for that car, and a moment later Millie came flying off the steps into his arms in a stunning new dress. He kissed her, but he had often done that, only this time he held her extra long, and she stiffened, and then, understanding, clung to him fiercely.

"Gee," she said, "and I was so worried. Alarmed by Decoy Message, Brooklyn Girl Races South. Prepared to Combat Death, Demon Rum or Desperate Damsels, She Has Joyous Surprise!"

"You know what this means, don't you?"

"I—I hope so."

"Well, it does, and I love you, and I'd picked out just the right spot to tell you, and here I go doing it in a freight yard!"

"Aw, Jake, any spot is the right one for that—and I've got one other bag, porter! Don't lose my other bag!"

They climbed across the other train and Tom looked for his gang.

"How long have you known about it, Millie?"

"About what? I always loved you, but I couldn't have you, and afterward you never said anything, so I thought you didn't want me. But you were drawing me—"

"Did you notice that?"

"Of course, dear. But, anyway, it was nice. You always drew me in clothes I couldn't afford, and took me places I couldn't go—"

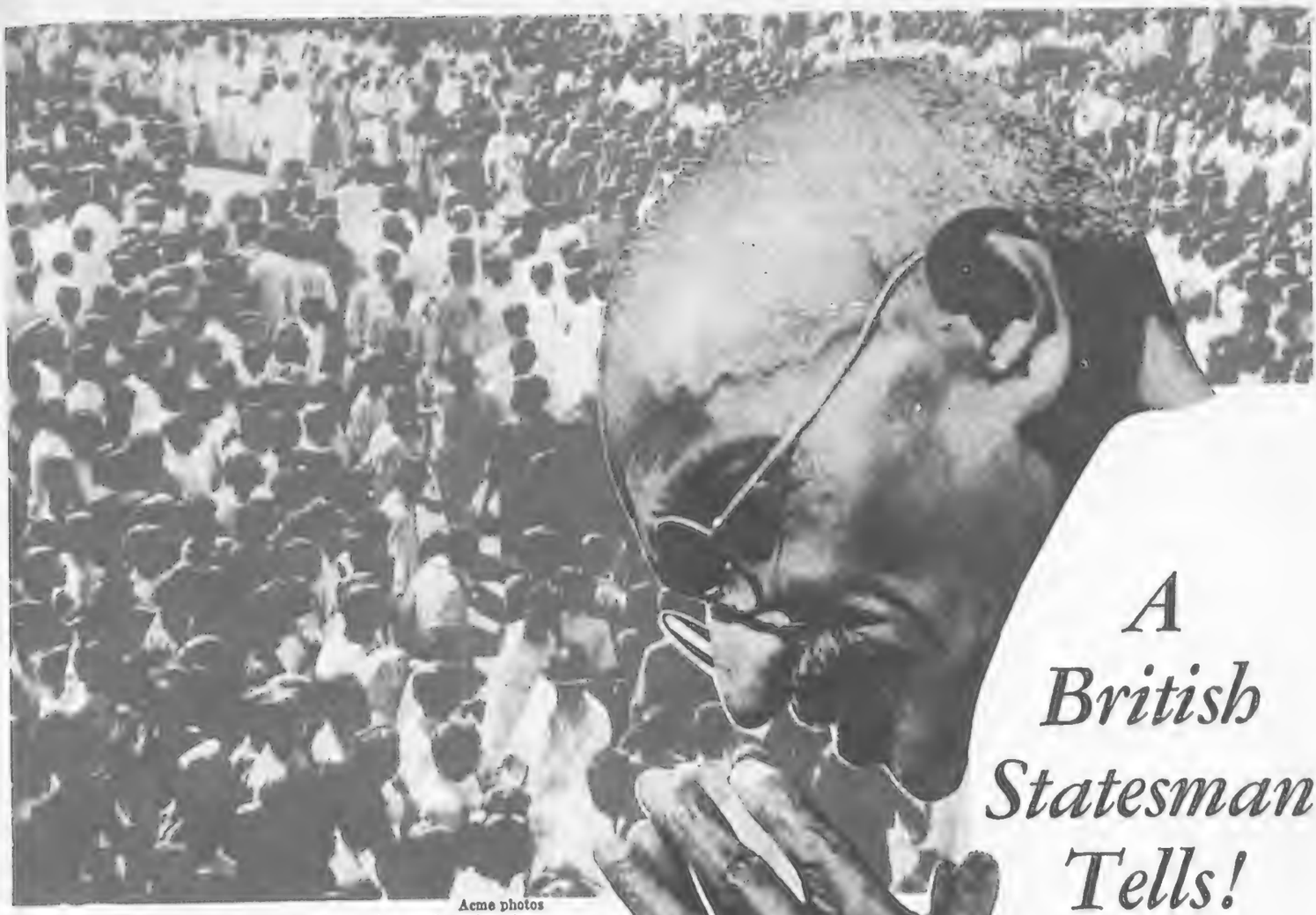
"Well, you can now, and you'll go to a lot of them, and more. Say, where's the gang? I've got a flock of best men and ushers lying around here somewhere."

Hurdling suitcases, their three friends came running up, grinning, pirouetting, and shaking their hands over their heads like prize fighters. One and all they kissed her, then they marched ahead with her luggage. Tom took her arm and whispered, "How goes it, sweetheart? School Children Sing? Or what?" And she pulled down his head and whispered, "Maybe some of our own some day, maybe?"

Then Paul dropped back to say, "Millie, watch him. The minute he starts drawing some chambermaid or heiress instead of you, send for us, and we'll slay him."

But Tom was never to feel an urge to change his model, so this is

THE END



Acme photos

Gandhi as he looked before beginning self-starvation, and a multitude of his followers in the streets of Bombay.

A British Statesman Tells!

"Why We Put GANDHI in JAIL"

By the Right Honorable H. B. LEES-SMITH

(Reading time: 12 minutes 55 seconds.)

TO most Americans the whole Indian question is generally summed up in a few words: India is fighting for her freedom, England is refusing to let her have it, and that is all there is to the subject. But this easy view does not see the whole picture.

I was myself a member of the Indian Round Table Conference which Mr. Gandhi attended. I was an English representative, but I am not writing this article either to attack or defend my fellow countrymen. I will point out the difficulties and the problem which confronted Englishmen who believe in freedom but must at the same time face realities.

"Self-determination," said President Wilson, "is a right which every nation is entitled to possess." India has taken him at his word. This vast country is at present the scene of one of these great patriotic movements which sweep across every nation after it has reached a certain stage of growth and compel its people to fight and, if need be, die for the right to govern themselves. It is a complete mistake to imagine that this movement is opposed by the leading British politicians or the British people.

How could England oppose this movement when it has in fact been created by England herself? If England had wanted to prevent India from ever demanding self-government she would have taken care never to educate Indians in the English language. She adopted the opposite policy when she came to the momentous decision that Indians were to be taught the English tongue and English literature. That decision made it inevitable that sooner or later a demand for freedom would arise, for if you

take away from English literature the literature of freedom there is very little left.

Most English statesmen realize all this and are prepared to face the difficulties involved.

Self-government in India means that there shall be for India a body like the United States Congress, making laws for the whole of India, elected as Congress is, and with a government responsible to the people.

But it is a mistake to think that the people of India are like the people of the United States. *In India, out of every hundred people, over ninety are unable to read or write their names.* When they vote they cannot read the names of the candidates, so that in many cases each candidate has to be represented by a symbol.

Another difficulty is created by the caste system. In the United States every man wishes to get on in the world. It is his ambition to rise from his occupation to a higher occupation. But in India, under the caste system, the occupation of great masses of the people is settled for life by the caste to which they belong, and to leave it would be a sin against their religion. If you belong to a caste you must not marry anyone belonging to another caste. You cannot have friendly social relationships with them, for you must not have meals with them.

If you belong to the Untouchables or the depressed classes—and one-fifth of India does—you are pollution to many higher castes and your shadow will make their food unfit to eat. The British government provides schools, but in many places the children of Untouchables cannot go, and in some places they only go provided they attend the lessons standing outside the school. In the most extreme case in Malabar, which is almost unique, an Untouchable must leave the road if a high-caste Hindu is approaching and must shout to warn him of his presence. The reader will realize that to combine democracy with such conditions as these is not so simple.

Acme photo

Gandhi arriving at 10 Downing Street to confer with Premier MacDonald before the Round Table Conference.

THE Indian Round Table Conference was summoned in order to deal with these difficulties. As I sat at the Round Table in the great Queen Anne's chamber at St. James's Palace I reflected on the strangeness of the scene. At one section of the table were the English representatives; sitting round the rest of the table were the representatives of one-fifth of the human race. As my eye traveled round I saw side by side British politicians, high-caste Brahmans, Untouchables whose presence in India is defilement, Indian princes with jewels which could buy a kingdom, Mohammedans, Hindus, Parsees; the great splash of white cloth with the head of Mr. Gandhi peering out of it, and the somber blacks of the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; Lord Reading, ex-Viceroy of India, ex-Foreign Minister of Great Britain, ex-Lord Chief Justice; Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, and one of the best dressed men in London; Lord Sankey, the first socialist Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

In one seat the leader of Indian Nationalism; in the next seats, chatting and laughing with him, those who would be, in a few weeks, responsible for sending him to jail. Never in the history of the world has there been a more remarkable assembly.

Yet I confess that I went to the first sitting with feelings of anxiety and apprehension; for how was it possible to reconcile the difficulties I have explained with the demand made by the Indian National Congress for complete self-government on a democratic basis?

My question was to be answered in an unexpected way. The great opening debate of the conference had scarcely begun when the scene was transformed and a new chapter in Indian history was opened by the entrance on the stage of a group of men who had hitherto kept well in the background—the Indian princes.

ABOUT one-fifth of the people of India are within the territories of the Indian princes and are not directly under the control of the British government. There are over six hundred of these Indian princes. Some are no more important than an English country gentleman. Others, like the Nizam of Hyderabad, are mighty potentates with their own armies, their own coinage, and their own postage stamps with their own heads upon them, and with the right to imprison their own subjects without trial; in fact, the nearest image that modern life has to show of the princes in the Arabian Nights.

These Indian princes had hitherto held aloof from the demand for self-government; but now, to the general astonishment, they suddenly stepped to the front of the stage and declared that if a federal government for India were established they would take part in it, but it must be a government based upon the principle of responsibility to the people. The princes, therefore, in broad outline accepted the general doctrines for which the Indian National Congress stood and put themselves behind the popular demand.

The development had a decisive effect on English opinion. An Indian government in which the Indian princes will be a solid element will not be a government of a revolutionary or irresponsible type. Great masses of cautious and conservative opinion in England which would never have been persuaded to give self-government to an India controlled by Hindu politicians were reassured by this guaranty for security.

The first session of the conference, therefore, ended amid general satisfaction. The Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, announced that the British government accepted the principle of "responsibility of the center," with safeguards, and a second conference was called in order to work out the details. It had a great series of baffling problems to settle, and unfortunately the one which came to the forefront at the very beginning was the most intractable of all—the clash between the Moslems and the Hindus. *(Continued on page sixteen)*

Don't let Others have all the FUN

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Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

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(Continued from page fourteen) The Moslems include about one-fourth or one-fifth of the population of India. They are generally regarded as less intellectual than the Hindus, but they claim that if it ever comes to a contest of physical force they will prove that they include the greatest numbers of the most virile fighting races. Geographically, they occupy a very powerful strategic position. Throughout India, on the whole they are in the minority, but throughout the whole of the northwest of India, the Punjab, Kashmir, the Northwest Frontier—they are in the majority.

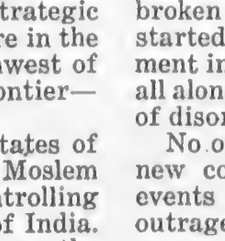
Just behind this area are the great Moslem states of Afghanistan and Baluchistan. There is thus a Moslem bloc in control of the great tract of territory controlling the mountain passes in the Northwest Frontier of India. The Moslems believe, therefore, if India ever becomes the theater of a religious war their inferiority in numbers will be counterbalanced by their fighting qualities and their strategic advantages.

The argument of the Moslems is that an Indian Parliament elected on a democratic vote would be a Hindu Parliament. If they are compelled to choose between Hindu rule and British rule they prefer British rule. They said, therefore, that they would give their consent to "responsibility of the center" only if the power they were given under the new government was altogether out of proportion to their numbers. They, in fact, claimed treatment as a specially privileged group in a superior position to Hindus.

Mr. Gandhi negotiated with them on behalf of the Indian National Congress, but he was quite unable to come to an agreement, with the result that the Moslems practically refused to take any part in the later proceedings of the conference. There were many other difficulties, but this is the one that attracted most attention.

Nevertheless, the conference was not a failure, and it was not on its account that the developments arose which were to lead to Mr. Gandhi's arrest. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald announced that it was not closed, but merely adjourned. He made suggestions by which the Hindu-Moslem quarrel might be solved. He said that a number of committees would be appointed to arrange for the next meeting of the conference and meanwhile to go out to India and carry out a number of inquiries which the final meeting of the conference would require.

Although Mr. Gandhi regarded the conference as a failure, he was careful to avoid committing himself to a revival of civil disobedience or other methods of opposing the law. Many careful observers therefore believed that the conference had been useful in bringing into the light of day difficulties which would sooner or later have to be faced, and that further negotiations and meetings of the conference would bring these difficulties to an end.



H. B. LEES-SMITH

was Postmaster-General in the British Labor Cabinet headed by Ramsay MacDonald when he attended the Round Table Conference which he describes in this article. He has since become president of the British Board of Education. Born in India, he has written much on Indian problems.

WHY, then, is Mr. Gandhi at this writing in jail? Unfortunately, a new group of questions came to the front, swept the conference into the background, and precipitated the clash which we had been attempting to avoid.

There is in Bengal a strong terrorist movement composed mainly of young men and women, largely university students, who are so determined in their violence that the life of an English official in that area is no longer safe. To deal with this movement, the government of India issued a special ordinance, with penal provisions which are so strong as to amount to something not far from martial law. Mr. Gandhi has no sympathy whatever with terrorism, but he is uncompromisingly hostile to these provisions and declared before he left London that, unless they were withdrawn, there could be no peace between him and the Indian government.

The determination of the government to maintain them was strengthened by an event which occurred a few days later. Two young women visited Mr. Stevens, a magistrate in Bengal, in order to ask him to intervene on a subject connected with one of the Indian universities, and handed him a document to read. As he was reading it, one of them took out a revolver and shot him dead.

Mr. Gandhi, on reaching India, asked for an interview with the viceroy, who replied that he would be glad to give the interview but could not discuss the new ordinance. This extraneous event proved to be the breaking point. Relations between Mr. Gandhi and the government were broken off, civil disobedience and a "no-rent" campaign started in India, Mr. Gandhi was arrested, the government introduced sweeping measures to fight the congress all along the line, and we were back again in the condition of disorder which we had avoided for many months.

No one, of course, can prophesy the final result of the new conference, but the probable outlines of future events may even now be dimly foreseen. There may be outrages and assassinations organized by the terrorist movement, but the government will eventually win.

The weapons of Indian nationalism hitherto, however, have been those of passive resistance. Tens of thousands of men, women, and children lie down on the tram [trolley] lines in front of the cars. Vast numbers of peasants simultaneously refuse to pay their rent. Regiments, machine guns, and revolvers are useless for fighting millions who sit passively and decline to obey the law.

On the other hand, Mr. Gandhi will not now have the Moslem support which he has often had in the past.

The immediate prospect seems to be, therefore, that the new attack upon the Indian government will be feebler than those which the government has already withstood.

BUT the wise man looks further ahead. The Indian problem will still remain. That problem is the demand for self-government, and it will be even stronger tomorrow than it is today. If Mr. Gandhi were to die tomorrow, his place would be taken by men far more extreme than himself. A great Indian merchant who was attending the Round Table Conference said to me: "You at present have to deal with a conference consisting of lawyers, capitalists, and princes. If you do not take your chance to come to terms with them, you will in a few years have to deal with a conference consisting of communists and revolutionaries."

His words were true. If the British government contents itself with putting down civil disobedience, there will be an interval of lawlessness, disorder, and the loss of life, at the end of which, as in Ireland, the government will give far more than India asked at first.

People are asking whether the work of the Round Table Conference can go forward as if nothing were happening. I see no reason why it should not. In a conversation with Mr. Gandhi, who has one of the strongest senses of humor of any man alive, during the Round Table Conference, he said: "It is very delightful to come to London and meet all you charming and courteous gentlemen; but I find that when it comes to business I negotiate best with the British government when I do so from behind prison bars."

The principle of the Round Table Conference was that the future government of India should be settled by negotiations with representatives of India and not by the decree of the British government. Let these negotiations continue. Let the committees of the Round Table Conference go on with their work in India regardless of the civil disobedience. Let the parties remain in touch, and there is no reason why they should not come to an agreement this time as they have in the past.

Englishmen and Indians have many qualities in common: reasonableness, good humor, and a readiness to arrive at a compromise. These qualities have seen us through similar difficulties in the past. They can do so again. If they succeed, and we are not far from success now, India will in years to come show the world the picture of a country which has evolved from despotism to self-government peacefully and without bloodshed—a picture which the world has never seen before.

THE END

Under Pressure

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 4 minutes 56 seconds.)

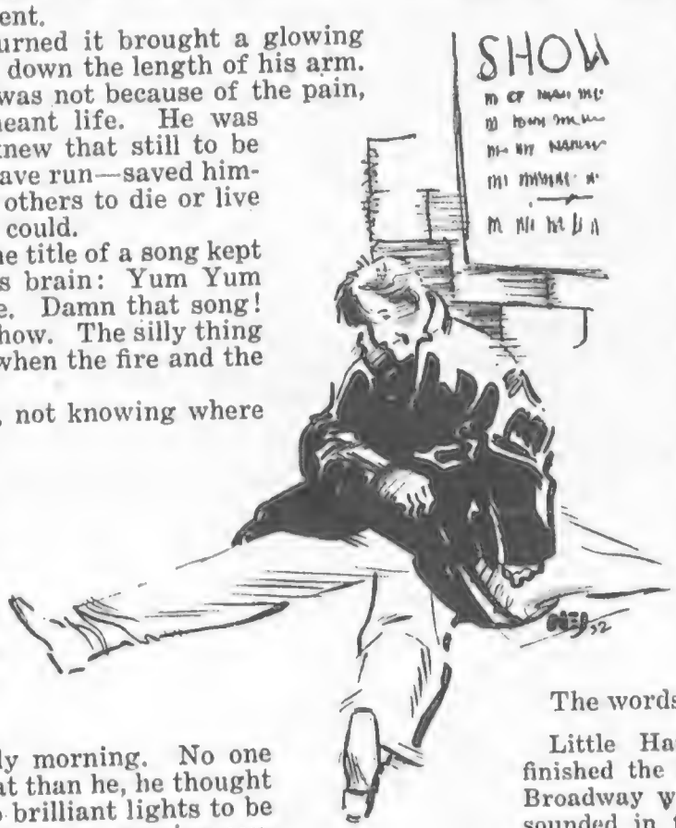
By

JAMES WOODS MORRISON

AT first, as he lay there, he was aware only of dank bricks whose coolness penetrated up into what seemed to be a voidlike body that was not his own. An acrid smell of smoke was clinging to him; and he noticed that, somehow, he was wearing an old overcoat over the scorched flannels and white silk shirt of his second-act costume. A discovery too bewildering for the moment.

But as consciousness returned it brought a glowing pain to his left shoulder and down the length of his arm. Eddie Gantry groaned. It was not because of the pain, however. Consciousness meant life. He was through with life; for he knew that still to be in possession of it he must have run—saved himself, and left Hazel and the others to die or live in that inferno as best they could.

Like a mocking refrain, the title of a song kept running crazily through his brain: Yum Yum Pe-doop Sweetie Spells Love. Damn that song! Their song—the hit of the show. The silly thing he and Hazel were singing when the fire and the panic started.



He staggered to his feet, not knowing where he had come or how, except that he had run. Evidently he had fallen into a dirty areaway and had lain there perhaps for hours. The street was deserted; decrepit brick dwellings sandwiched between warehouses; the odd smell of a stable—odd to Eddie Gantry.

From the feel of the night air it must be nearly morning. No one could know better about that than he, he thought bitterly. But here were no brilliant lights to be dimmed by approaching dawn, no awning-covered sidewalks leading to exclusive night clubs where eager voices called, "Hi, Eddie, how's the boy?" "Won't you and Hazel join our party, Eddie?" And as they threaded their way between gay tables he would be conscious of the soft, alluring charm of her that was like a delicate perfume. He closed his eyes, trying to forget what was gone forever now; but before them flashed a wall of dancing flame, and he had to struggle to get them open again.

The pain in his shoulder grew more intense then. He was afraid of pain. He should get back to his hotel. Yet if he went back it would be to face people who knew him now for what he was—nothing but a hoofer with a yellow streak as broad as his back and as deep as his soul. Even worse than that, it would be to learn with too much certainty about Hazel.

As he passed under a street lamp his attention was again directed to the overcoat he was wearing. He seemed to have seen it countless times hanging on a nail near the call board at the theater. It was Old Mac's coat, and the recognition aroused the first clear memory of what had happened: a picture of himself grasping for this coat at a moment when Old Mac, the stage-door man, was fighting desperately to help people—the people he must have trampled to save his craven hide.

Gantry suddenly felt sick. It would be better not to think at all—just to keep moving, never to stop. A cap was stuffed in one pocket of the coat. He pulled it down well over his eyes.

And he kept from thinking after that, unless the knowledge of utter exhaustion could be called thinking. Finally he stumbled against an entrance to a subway. Until then he hadn't known that he was shaking from cold and that pain. It would be warmer down there. But he had no money. A trembling search through the coat disclosed two nickels in the flap pocket. He slunk down the stairs. An involuntary glance in the mirror of a slot machine showed a swollen face with smeared make-up on it.

How easy it would be, he thought, to drop to the tracks in front of a train. A grinding roar—and that would be all. But he knew he hadn't the nerve to do it. The only possibility that occurred to him was to stand in a car vestibule and perhaps die there from exhaustion. People did die from exhaustion. When the train came in, however, and he had slipped into the forward car, he couldn't resist the comfort of sinking into a seat.

Beside him lay a newspaper. God! Why did it have to be there? His eyes held to it with a riveted fascination. Then his hand clutched it.

SIX KNOWN DEAD—SCORES CRUSHED IN NEW YORK THEATER FIRE

The words danced and blurred before his eyes.

Little Hazel Cooley and Eddie Gantry had finished the last encore to the song that has kept Broadway whistling for weeks when an explosion sounded in the wings. Immediately a tongue of flame licked up the velvet drapings. . . . Gantry turned and smilingly reassured the audience. A delay in lowering the steel curtain, however, sent a sheet of flame sweeping into the auditorium. . . . Miss Cooley fainted. He picked her up and carried her to safety. Horace MacHugh vouches that Gantry, using his overcoat as a shield, dashed back into the flaming theater many times, directing the fear-crazed company to the stage door. . . . Check-up reveals him among the missing . . .

Not until he turned the page and saw his picture did he realize he had been reading about himself. Then he thought he was shouting—but no sound came from his lips.

The train ground to a stop and passengers crowded in. A policeman was bending over him.

"Is he drunk?" someone asked.

"No. This man musta been in that fire. Hold the door open—he'll come around when we get him up to the air."

All this he heard; but he was more eager for other voices: voices he knew would soon be calling, "Hi, Eddie, how's the boy?" He could feel Hazel's presence close to him now, almost as if she were already there.

Slowly his eyes opened, and those bending over him wondered why he was smiling up at them in that particular way. Eddie Gantry had found himself again.

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Roses *for* Finerty

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

SHE was darned good-looking, even when she was mad. That's a test.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 41 seconds.)

HIS torn ear wasn't healed, so he had to wear a reenforced head guard. The heat made it almost unbearable. Sweat ran down into his eyes until they burned. A fine dust of pulverized clay was kicked up by the shoe cleats when they struck the bald patches of the practice field. As football weather went, it would have been an elegant day for a swim.

"Formation A," he chanted in the huddle. "Finerty back. Hep." Finerty meant him. The linesmen turned and took five rhythmic steps into position. The center set his feet and gripped the ball.

"Shift right. Hep." His interference stationed themselves just outside the opposing tackle. He backed up two more paces, until he was ten yards behind the scrimmage line. A fast, shifty runner has to have plenty of room to get started. On the first even number he called, the ball would be snapped to him.

"Get Finerty there." The defense line was bracing. "Get him."

"Signals. Eleven, five, three, eight!" he shouted, and started on the eight.

The ball met him, right at the belt buckle, as he took the second step. He changed his stride, put down his head, and turned himself into a projectile hurled at the opening in the other line. "Get that Finerty," he heard again. A hand clutched at his knee. He spun away from it to the right, cut back to the left, and went down in a heap when three or four of them teamed up on him. The ground where he landed was harder than the coach's heart.

"I said 'Get Finerty,'" a voice barked, as they untangled.

"We stopped him, coach."

"You didn't jar him. You didn't slow him up. When you tackle him I want to hear his ribs click." A hand slapped the ball carrier on the shoulder. "All right, scrubs. Try it again. Same play. A little faster this time. And, varsity, you watch this Finerty. Try it again."

He limped as he moved back to huddle. When a defensive center and fullback both grab your leg, you're lucky if you don't have water on the knee.

"Formation A. Finerty back. Hep," he chanted his own signal again, wiping his sticky hands on his jersey front so he wouldn't fumble. "Shift right. Hep." His ankle burned as he stepped back.

"Get Finerty," called the coach. The varsity captain echoed the command: "Get Finerty there."

Again he started on the even number and again the ball met him at the belt buckle as he took the second step. As before, but not quite so fast as before, he threw himself at the opening in the opposing line. A hand grabbed him around the neck. A shoulder hit his bad knee. The devil himself couldn't claw out of that trap. Evidently the whole varsity squad piled in, for, the next thing he knew, they were throwing water on his face.

"That's what I mean," the coach said approvingly, as he came to. "Get Finerty, only harder." The older man was very cheerful about it. "Feeling okay now, Speedy? Line 'em up again. We'll try it once more."

Speedy Dunlap sat up, sucked a corner of a dirty sponge, and looked his chief tormentor in the eye. "Say," he returned, "don't you s'pose I ever get tired of being Finerty?"

"What's that?"

"I say," Speedy repeated, slowly and distinctly, "I'm sick of being Finerty."

The coach was too surprised to answer. A varsity captain didn't dare talk like that. And here was a scrub making a complaint, in hearing of the whole squad.

"I'm sick of wearing this lousy jersey, too," Speedy added.

"Then turn it in!" the coach roared.

"I'm going to."

"Get off the field."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Now."

No one offered him a hand up, so Speedy crawled out of the silent group on all fours, like a bedraggled tackling dummy.

A Story of the Fortunes of Football

Pictures by JOHN FALTER

THE other headlights flashed in his face. He couldn't move his foot to save his life.

"You can't take it, eh?" The coach's voice followed him with a parting taunt.

"No," Speedy replied. "And I'm not ashamed to admit it. You try being Finerty for a while." He got gingerly to his good foot and the toe of the other.

"Here—you, Newcomb. You be Finerty. Go in at quarter for the Derby squad," he heard the coach order. Well, Speedy thought grimly, that kid will know he's been somewhere by the time he gets under a shower.

There were a half dozen assistant managers hanging around, with nothing to do except wear their gray pants and sweat shirts. But would one of them give him an arm to the gym? No. Not for a frat pledge pin. He was in disgrace. He'd talked back to the coach. He'd been put off the squad. They wouldn't look at him. They were afraid to be seen with him.

Well, Speedy reflected, as he limped across the turf, they could mop the locker-room floor and carry paper cups. They could go to hell. He was done with them and the team and the coach and everything else.

He'd been a punching bag for the varsity for three full seasons. His freshman year, they'd put a Hamburg College sweater on him and told him he was Gillis of Hamburg. They'd learned to stop Gillis on him. His sophomore year, he'd been Kelly of Tech. They'd learned about Kelly from him. And junior year, he'd been rechristened Finerty and dressed in a Derby suit that didn't fit. Get Finerty, eh? They could get another Finerty!

"YOU through?" inquired the rubber, when he heard the shower running and came in to investigate.

"Through? I'm through for good."

The man looked at the head bandage that covered five stitches taken in Speedy's ear. "Dunno as I blame you. You came near to losing that handle off your head."

"Listen, Mac." Speedy had always liked the rubber. "You're a good judge of things. How much is enough?"

"About five minutes on the scrub team."

"Why, I been a scrub for more'n three years, Mac."

"Well, some learn slower'n others."

The boy bit his lips. Probably they'd all been laughing at him. And he, like a damn' fool, had been proud of his nerve. He'd gone out with his one hundred and thirty-seven pounds and his sprinter's legs and taken his daily beating. Well, he'd learned a great lesson. You can't give away sixty pounds, not in football. It's too much like learning how to shoot craps in a road house.

His right knee was going stiff on him. He'd have to walk a lot or it would swell up like a beer keg. His ankle hurt him when he walked, his knee would balloon out if

THE ball met him at the belt buckle. As before, but not so fast as before, he threw himself at the opening in the opposing line.

he didn't. His lung muscles protested when he breathed. That was where he was butted by that varsity tackle, the big blond fellow. He hoped some enemy linesman handed that Swede a good clip on the jaw.

"Mac," he called, "I'm turning in my suit. Tell Whoozis, so it won't be charged to me, will you, Mac?"

In the candy kitchen, with a double chocolate goo and a Danish pastry under his belt, he phoned Corrine. He knew he could reach her at the sorority house. She usually played a little auction afternoons because she was working for membership on the Student Council. Cards, she claimed, helped to get one known around the campus.

"How about it?" he asked.

"When?" was her reply.

"Now."

"How'd you get out of practice so early?"

"I quit."

"You quit what?"

"The scrubs. Practice. Everything. I'm through. I told the coach he could keep the suit and the liniment."

"You mean you're out of football for good?"

"I'm off everything but you, Corrine."

THE news didn't excite her, not too much. She wanted all the particulars—what the coach said, what he said, and what happened next.

"I can't tell it in ten words. Let's have an interview."

"Where?"

"The tea house. Father sent me a check."

"Someone will see us."

There was a new one. Corrine usually wanted to be seen. Maybe she was going to kiss him. He'd kissed her a few times, but she'd never kissed him. Beat up the way he was, he probably appealed to her womanly instinct, or something. "How about the Latin section in the library?"

"Someone will see us."

"On a nice warm afternoon like this? Be yourself. There won't be anybody in the library unless they're nearsighted. Nearsighted and homely. Just plugs. Nobody we know."

He felt better as he hobbled over to the book garage. He'd always known he'd find that old loving streak in Corrine sometime. Women were put together around it. With Corrine, now, it had taken a lot to bring it out.

She didn't make any pass at him when she came in. Well, he wouldn't make any pass at her, either. He'd let it come spontaneously from her. Then they'd be engaged and he'd have a senior year worth writing home about. He didn't approve of engagements before one was a senior. Of course Corrine was a junior. But it was different with a girl. He'd have a year to get settled in a job.

They talked in whispers, mindful of the sign, SILENCE, SOME ARE STUDENTS, which frowned down upon them from the wall.

"BUT I don't see why you did it."

"Listen, Corrine. If you were a doctor, I'd show you. And you'd understand. I'm offering a prize to any member of the senior class who can find a spot on me that doesn't hurt."

"Then why didn't you get a doctor's certificate? You didn't have to offend people. You needn't have been so spectacular about quitting."

"Oh, nobody noticed, anyway. I was just a voice in the wilderness, crying for arnica."

The girl frowned. She was darned good-looking, even when she was mad. That's a test. If you can love a woman when she's sour at you, marriage isn't even a gamble. "I don't think you're so funny today."

"Well, I feel funny—all over."

"Why, you talk as if you were the first man who ever was stepped on."

Speedy wondered if he'd quit the squad too soon. He hadn't supposed she'd care if he quit. It wasn't as if he were a letter man or even a first-string sub. "Say, Corrine," he pleaded, "don't get me wrong on this. I been on the Derby team, you know. We have to learn all

the Derby formations and then use them against the varsity for practice. Now, if eleven guys tried to manhandle you all at once, you might like it. You'd know you were popular. But when the varsity goes for me, it's just because they pretend I'm Finerty. And they want to get in the habit of killing Finerty."

Her blue eyes changed to a cold gray, a calculating color. "This childish performance won't help you any around the campus," she observed.

"I'm not running for anything, except you."

"I am," Corrine stated. "I want Student Council."

"You'll get it. And, right now, I'm off training. I've got money. I'm booking entertainment that will keep us up late. Let's go down to the Peking tonight."

"I thought you were crippled."

"I can sit."

"I don't think I care to sit." She stood up.

"But, Corrine! What irks you?"

"Speedy"—the girl's voice was absolutely impersonal, as if he were someone she'd just met at a game, someone who was a little tight and noisy and objectionable—"you've had no consideration for me in this, no consideration at all."

"I didn't know anybody kicked your shins."

"You know I'm running for Student Council. You know I need every bit of support I can get."

"I'll support you. Just as far as you'll let me."

"Your friends won't. Not now."

"Oh, sure they will."

LIKE a slap across his face came her reply: "Don't fool yourself. You haven't any friends after this blowup."

He knew what he ought to do. He should tell her it was worth losing his friends to prove that she was a selfish, scheming, wire-pulling space-grabber. He wondered why he hadn't seen through her long ago. But he hadn't. He'd loved her. He'd even imagined that she loved him. And all the time she'd merely been letting him run interference for her, so she'd land her picture in the front of the yearbook.

There was so much he should have said that he didn't know where to begin. She stood there, looking grieved, as if she were regretting the time she'd wasted on him. And then she walked out.

What a fumble he'd made of his love life! He'd spent his tuition money on her once; he'd borrowed money to take her places more times than he could remember. He'd coached that girl through the required math, he'd written her French exercises for her and corrected her lab book. And now, just because he couldn't get her a block of votes, she dropped him like a cud of gum on a lobby rug.

The bad knee and damaged ankle tortured him as he limped over to the Phœnix Lunch. He pushed open the restaurant door and ordered gin.

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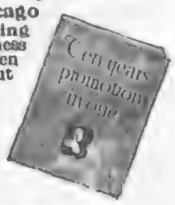

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"Not in here." The proprietor shook his head.

"Why not? I'm white and I didn't forget my pocketbook."

"You can't buy nothin' to drink here. You're a football man."

"Not now. Not any more. Ask anybody," Speedy pleaded. "I'm off th' squad and I need a drink. I need a load of drinks."

"Well, I'd like to help you out." The restaurant man's voice was sad, for business was terrible. "But if it got around I was selling to football men, they'd close me up t'morrow. I don't sell nothin' to men who ought to be in trainin'."

Out on the street again, he hailed Bannister. "Hi, Steve," he called, "where can I get a shot?"

The president of his fraternity gave him a grudging nod of recognition. "I wouldn't know," he replied.

"You wouldn't know." Bannister's breath was strongly flavored with lemon peel and juniper berries. "Oh, no. You wouldn't know," Speedy repeated. "Who would I ask? The dean?"

"Of course," Bannister continued in the lofty tone he used to freshmen, "if your conscience is clear, if you feel you're giving your best to your college and your fraternity—"

"If I've done my best," Speedy snarled. "Say. What've you ever done besides sing tenor in the Dutchman's back room? Answer me. What've you done?"

"I'm not an athlete. I'm more of a mixer, a contact man. I've brought the fraternity up."

"Sure. Put us in the big league, didn't you? Made us known all around college?"

"Well, in a measure, yes."

"Because you were chairman of the Junior Prom. And you had me workin' the football crowd for you. Sure. Beggin' votes, because you were a friend of mine. You worked your way through college all right. You worked your friends. Steve, if there's one thing I hate worse than a guy like you, it's a dame who does the same thing."

"That's not the right attitude, Speedy. You must take a broader viewpoint."

"How'd you take a sock on the nose?"

INSTEAD of answering, the contact man retreated two steps. But Speedy didn't follow. He put back his head and laughed. It was pretty funny, at that. Nobody on the squad cared a hang whether he played football or billiards. They had another scrub in his shoes almost before his own feet were out of them. Three years of it, and the only people sorry when he quit were the monkeys he'd been cat's-paw for.

Well, they'd have to find a new chump for themselves now.

He was getting into his car when a freshman spoke to him. The freshman was pledged and lived at the fraternity. "Hey! Speedy! Doc MacBride's looking for you."

"You tell Doc MacBride to go feed spinach to his guinea pigs."

"Honest, he wants you. He was over at the house looking for you."

Doc was the Athletic Association surgeon. When anyone left the squad, Doc called them in for a physical examination to protect the college from damage suits if a serious injury developed later.

Speedy shook his head. "This isn't my night to cough and say ah."

"Doc says you can't go to classes again until you've been examined."

With a feeling of satisfaction, the ex-scrub deduced that he had them worried. His mutilated ear might have a commercial value, after all. If he were going to be the bad breath around the campus, at least it was possible to collect for it. Yes, sir. He'd make them settle for banging him up like a hotel piano.

"Doc's goin' to wait in his office until you get there."

"Tell him," Speedy advised maliciously, "to buy an easy-chair and borrow a good book. He'll have a long wait." He stepped on the starter.

"Where you goin'?" persisted the freshman. "Shall I tell Doc you went for a ride?"

"Yes, if you can remember that much." Speedy backed his car out of the parking place and headed north.

HOLDING his foot on the accelerator strained his bad knee, so he opened the hand throttle wide and worked his horn on the curves. It salved his ego to see people get out of his way. It was a forty-minute drive to Westover. He made it in twenty-six flat, from a standing start at the library.

Soon after dark he stopped for gasoline and a sandwich at a road stand. "Your left headlight's out," the attendant warned him. "Just a minute and I'll put in a new bulb."

Speedy stiffened. Somebody else was trying to tell him what he should and shouldn't do. "Can't be bothered," he barked at the man. "How much was the gas?"

Why, he didn't need headlights. He could drive by scent, instinct, or compass. He drew his right foot back under him, because it eased the pain in his knee, and opened the throttle wider. One headlight was enough for anyone. Why, in the war, ambulance drivers used no lights at all and they never cracked up.

Between Ridgeway and Kettleton the road narrows down to long causeways on either side of a steel bridge above the old canal bed. It is, in fact, a three-mile straightaway, decorated with red danger, caution, and warning signs. The bridge itself is protected by a lighted "One-Way Traffic" admonition and a flashing red lantern at either end.

As Speedy rolled on to the causeway, he noticed the headlights of another car coming toward him like a comet. It was, he judged, traveling at a dangerous and reckless speed, perhaps making as good time as he was himself. If the other driver

didn't slow up, they might meet on the bridge.

Speedy gave them the horn, demanding the right of way. "W-o-n-k. Wonk."

"W-o-n-k. Wonk." The reply was so prompt that it was practically an echo.

"Going to bluff me into slowing up, is he? Well, two can play at that. It's a better game than tennis." His fingers touched the button. "Wonk. Wonk." He demanded a clear passage through the center span.

But the other car came right along. That driver was stubborn as a mule.

Speedy was keeping his right wheels as close to the white guard rails as he dared, but he did not slacken his speed. He eased off for road rollers and funeral processions —other vehicles could take their chances.

He was at the bridge and going across it. "Wonk. Wonk!" That was his final warning.

The other car was at the other side of the bridge and still coming.

"Either crazy or drunk," thought Speedy, with an unhappy premonition there was going to be a crash right in the center of the span. He tried to move his foot over to the brake, but he couldn't. His knee had gone stiff. The other headlights flashed in his face. He couldn't move his foot to save his life.

He needed four hands all at once: two to hold the wheel, a third to check the throttle, and a fourth to seize the emergency-brake lever.

The other headlights blinded him as his brakes squealed. He shut his eyes and pulled harder. He could smell the burning rubber. This was to be the end of everything, then. His stomach rose within him.

CRASH!

It's all settled and it serves that other jackass right, was his last desperate thought.

"AIN'T I told you he passed them danger signs?" a harsh voice was saying a minute later.

"Why didn't the other driver stop?" inquired another voice indignantly.

"That's just what he done. He did stop," the harsh voice continued. "He'd have stopped quicker, only this car was travelin' with one headlight, and the other feller, that Derby feller, figured it was a motorcycle he was meetin'."

A Derby fellow, thought Speedy. Yes, he groaned to himself, his luck was consistent, anyway. Of all the dumb clucks one could meet on the road, it had to be a Derby student who mistook his car for a motorcycle.

But obviously it had been some time since the smash. Speedy wondered where he was lying. He wiggled his fingers and felt a rough blanket. He wanted to open his eyes, but hesitated to do it. Maybe he would be happier if he didn't know where he was.

"All right, sheriff. We'll put him in the ambulance."

"I guess not. He's charged with drivin' while intoxicated."

That's a lie, thought Speedy. I didn't have a drink. That piker wouldn't sell me one.

"Did you find any evidence of liquor on him?" a voice asked. The voice was vaguely familiar.

"He is drunk. Dead drunk. My deputies brought him in here limper'n a lap robe. So I said we'll let him sleep it off."

"Sleep off what? A fractured skull?"

Speedy's heart gave a flop.

"Fractured fiddlesticks!" snapped the sheriff's voice.

"You listen to me. I'm a surgeon. I'm Dr. MacBride." Did Doc chase me way up here to examine me? Speedy asked himself. "Don't you know that a man with a brain injury may show every symptom of drunkenness?"

IT'S a good thing Doc came, Speedy reflected. He's smarter than I thought. He can talk me out of this. I won't sue the college, after all.

Evidently the sheriff didn't know.

"Why," Doc's voice went on, "this boy was hit on the head during football practice this afternoon. No one realized it at the time, but he was irrational. He turned in his suit, jumped in his car, and got away before anybody could stop him. I followed him as fast as I could. I tried to catch him before he hurt himself. Now, sheriff, you'll either turn him over to me, so I can put him in the ambulance, or I'll wake up a judge and get a court order for him."

"That's what you say," objected the sheriff uneasily.

"Listen, sheriff." Doc's voice was very earnest. "This boy would never have been on the road had he been in his right mind. He's played scrub football for three years and the coach was going to promote him to the varsity and try him as a second-string quarterback. Why, if he'd been himself when he drove away this afternoon, he'd have cut off his hand rather than miss that chance."

Speedy wondered what was the best way to simulate concussion of the brain. Should he sit up and act dazed? Or would it be better to lie quiet and be unconscious? He decided on the latter. It took less acting. He heard a key rattle and felt three pairs of hands lifting him gently to a stretcher.

He was getting away with the accident. Now all he had to worry about was faking a quick recovery. Quick enough to play in the Derby game, at any rate. . . .

It was very pleasant in the infirmary. There was a cute little nurse who fussed around and arranged the flowers that were sent him. On the third day he ventured to ask for the telephone and was allowed to use it.

"Is Corrine in?" he inquired, when he got her sorority house.

"Who's calling?" The girl who answered had a nice voice.

"Dunlap. Speedy Dunlap."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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"Why, I supposed you were still in the infirmary, Mr. Dunlap."

"Sure. But my knee is better. I can walk to the phone. Is Corrine handy?"

The girl hesitated for a second. "No; she's out of town."

"Well, never mind. I just wanted her to know that the football squad sent me a swell bath robe. I'll be out soon, but I'll have to go back in training as soon as I am. I'll be playing on the varsity. Relief quarterback."

"That's great!" the voice assured him. She sounded like a swell girl.

"Of course Corrine would like to know." She hesitated and then added, "She went to Derby today."

"Derby?" Speedy could hardly believe his ears.

"Sure. Why not? You know who ran into you, don't you?"

"Sure. A Derby guy."

"Maybe I shouldn't tell."

Speedy's voice rose, so that the nurse came out in the corridor to see what was wrong. "Tell me," he begged. "Who'd I hit—I mean who hit me?"

"It was Finerty." The girl was laughing. "He's in the Derby infirmary with cuts and bruises, and he's suspended from the football squad for breaking training."

"That's what I call running interference," Speedy boasted. "I take out Finerty for the rest of the season. They ought to make me varsity captain."

"That's what we all said," the girl agreed. "But of course Corrine went to Derby to see him."

"To see Finerty?"

"Sure. She's been engaged to him for almost two years. She didn't want it known around here, because it would have spoiled her dates. But after Mr. Finerty was hurt," the voice went on cheerfully, "and put off the team, the story got around. You see, he was driving down here to meet Corrine when he wrecked your car. So today she went up there to take him some roses."

"Roses?" Speedy laughed. That was a hot one. His girl taking roses to Finerty. "I wish you'd leave a note for Corrine. Write 'Get Finerty,' and sign my name to it, will you?"

"I'd love to, Mr. Dunlap."

"Call me Speedy. And say. They said I could have a visitor. Why don't you come up and see me?"

"When, Speedy?"

"Now." He put down the phone. "Say," he called to the nurse, "is it oke for me to doll up in that silk lounging robe?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who organized the first antislavery society?

2—What is the probable origin of the word "tip," meaning gratuity?

3—Where is the cannon bone?

4—What is an antinomian?

5—What treaty terminated the Mexican War of 1846-47?

6—When was Maximilian the Emperor of Mexico?

7—What is the proper name for the passageway between pews in a church?

8—Which two state capitals in the United States are nearest to each other by air line?

9—Which state in the Union contains the greatest area of water surface?

10—Were the Canary Islands named after the birds of the same name?

11—Does sound travel faster in the air or in water?

12—Can a naturalized citizen become a United States Senator?

13—When was the cornerstone laid of the Washington National Monument?

14—What does the word pekoe mean as applied to tea?

15—What is the surface of the bore of a rifle between consecutive grooves called?

16—Why is it called "jerked" beef?

17—Who was the youngest President?

18—In what year was the Brooklyn Bridge opened?

19—Did the famous character Bluebeard have a prototype in real life?

20—In anatomy, what is a suture?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

Why should the teeth be brushed twice daily?

(See page 37 for the answer)

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

The Art of Owing Money

If You Are in Debt (and Who Isn't?) This May Help You

As told to Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

ALTHOUGH I know no way to get at it statistically, I am sure more people are in debt now than at any time since the 1890s—probably more than were even then. These folks owe the department store and the grocer and the garage, not to mention the electric company, the mortgagee, and all the rest. Unquestionably there are millions of them, and unquestionably most of them are honest. Experience has proved that well over ninety-nine per cent of all people are honest—and few dishonest people can get credit anyhow. Many of these honest debtors need a little expert advice.

So I, a large department store's credit manager, am turning my coat. Temporarily and anonymously I am aligning myself with these debtors. I am going to tell them how to postpone payment of their just debts.

The principles and methods that I shall explain are sure-fire. They have withstood the tests and ravages of the best collection departments in my city.

The justification that I, a credit man, have for telling these facts to you, whom I shall assume to be a debtor, is that thereby I am going to make the world a pleasanter place for both of us and, furthermore, that I shall thus decrease the collection expenses of the firms to which you owe money.

There are only five rules which apply to the whole problem of keeping creditors satisfied though unpaid. The first and most important is: Beat the other fellow to it. If the debtor can get the jump on his creditor, if he can write a letter or make a telephone call or, better still, a personal visit before his inbound mail breaks out in a rash of "Please remit" and "Your check will be appreciated," then he has a distinct advantage. His creditor feels sure he is dealing with an honest man who will pay just as soon as he can.

What to say in such a letter or talk? The simple truth. When a customer comes in and spins a fairy tale, any competent credit man recognizes it.

Right here arises the second important rule: Don't make any promises you cannot keep. If a debtor promises something on account, then fails to pay as he promised, he is in worse trouble than before. His promises, never fear, are written down where they cannot be lost sight of. When he fails to live up to them, the man to whom he owes money classifies him as less reliable than before.

Rule Three in the bright lexicon of owing money gracefully is this: When you can spare a little cash, distribute it fairly. Suppose you owe two dozen merchants overdue accounts. You get a hundred dollars that you can apply on your debts. Of course you are tempted to use it all for clearing up your accounts with the two unpleasant creditors who have been making life miserable for you. Don't do it; it is neither good business nor good ethics.

Rule Four: Continue dealing with the man to whom you owe money. Presumably your account is no longer in good standing; no longer can you say, "Charge it," and walk out with an armful of merchandise. But since you presumably have to keep on buying goods of the same general sort, you can, by giving your cash business to the merchant, show your good faith and your intention of continuing as a customer when the present crisis blows over. Moreover, cash purchases give the merchant a little profit which in his mind he applies to the expense of carrying the past-due account on his books.

There are always a few hard-boiled creditors who want their money now, and intend to get it—with no more talk about it. It is in dealing with these that Principle Five is called into use:

Don't be afraid to talk back to the man you owe. After all, debtors' prisons are extinct.

If, of course, you actually have valuable assets and fail to pay because you prefer to keep your property, your creditors can hale you into court and make you pay up. Practically all of the people who owe money today are, however, in a far different situation. The honest ones have already sold their assets, borrowed on their life insurance, even gutted the baby's savings account before running into debt.

Such a debtor is for the duration of his poverty judgment-proof. Moreover, any creditor who tries to strong-arm such a debtor into paying his account is showing a normal human trait—but he is not playing fair.

Last week a delinquent customer came to see me. I agreed to give him whatever time he needs. "I appreciate that all the more," he said, "because a few stores have turned my account over to collection agencies, or have threatened to sue me. Of course they don't go through with it, for I shut them off in a hurry."

"How do you do it?"

"I tell them the truth. When one of these go-getters starts after me, I warn him that I'm insolvent and express my belief that if I am allowed to run along without undue annoyance I can probably pay out.

"Then I give them the stinger. 'If anybody tips over my apple cart by getting tough,' I tell 'em, 'he will spill everybody's apples, including his own. At the first sign of any such attempt, I'll file a petition in bankruptcy to protect my other creditors.

"'I owe you twenty-five dollars. If you think it will pay you to force me into bankruptcy, go ahead! You'll get about two dollars and a half in the final settlement. It will cost you a lot more than that. And, believe me, you'll never get a cent after any bankruptcy that you cause, though I'll pay off all the decent creditors if it takes me the rest of my life.'"

Such a situation brings any creditor to a quick decision that he had better go along with the debtor instead of trying to get his money at the expense of his fellow creditors.

AND because my own store is always found among the considerate creditors, I rejoice heartily whenever a delinquent debtor talks back to a hard-boiled merchant and makes him apologize. In fact—and I probably should not dare to tell this if my name were on this article—I've advised a good many people to handle the go-getter collectors in just this way. I have never yet known it to fail. Few merchants so dislike their delinquent debtors that they will take losses for the sake of humiliating them.

Yes, it is a fine art, this art of owing money gracefully. In normal times it is not to be recommended, but in times like these its technique should be more widely practiced by the unfortunate individuals who are in deep financial waters. Creditors today know that many of their customers are broke, through reverses which were not foreseen in time to forestall running up heavy bills. The customer in this situation with sadly diminished income cannot pay promptly, no matter how honest.

Keeping creditors happy without money is a hard job. But if an honest debtor follows these five principles, he can do it until such time as he can afford to pay.

THE END

Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert, as the butler's wife and the dashing chauffeur, are responsible for some of the torrid love scenes which feature Downstairs.

The new Barrymore film, A Bill of Divorcement, puts Katherine Hepburn on the road to stardom. She appears at the right with John Barrymore.

Another

Clemence Dane Drama Makes an Excellent Picture; Jack Gilbert in One of His Own; a Football Talk and One That Was Taboo

(Reading time: 7 minutes 31 seconds.)

THE screen has been sadly in need of flashing new personalities these last months. In fact, no significant new actress has appeared since Marlene Dietrich.

Go to A Bill of Divorcement and you will see a potential star: Katharine Hepburn. You will want to know more about Miss Hepburn, who was born in Hartford, Connecticut, educated at Bryn Mawr, who alternated between small stage rôles and the job of understudy while she studied the dance with Mordkin. It was not until she appeared last season in The Warrior's Husband that she made a real stage hit.

That hit won her a film chance; her success in A Bill of Divorcement has earned a five-year screen contract. Oddly enough, on tour in Europe, she has not learned yet of her good fortune.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ A Bill of Divorcement

Affecting and poignant, this Clemence Dane drama has been developed into one of the most moving screen stories in a long time. Then, too, it is superbly played and intelligently directed.

Miss Dane offers the tragically pathological case of a husband—hidden away in an asylum for fifteen years—who returns to pick up the thread of life and to find all the things he loved lost to him. He had been a war hero, fighting for country, home, and those he treasured; shell shock had "turned aside the face of God." Recovering his reason, Hilary flees home to find himself legally divorced, his wife about to marry another, his daughter grown to a romance of her own. What are these two—wife and daughter—to do, faced with this problem, with the man they once loved so in need of understanding care?

I doubt if John Barrymore ever gave a finer performance on stage or screen than as the bewildered, lonely Hilary. And the daughter is amazingly well acted by Katharine Hepburn. The scenes between Miss Hepburn and Mr. Barrymore are so touchingly done, played with such a sensitive understanding, that I defy you not to be moved deeply by them. Billie Burke, too, is sincere and charming as the wife.

★ ★ ½ Downstairs

Jack Gilbert was one of the first stars to climb recklessly into the movie machine and ride into a crash. He has yet to live down that first vocal joy ride. Worried by the sort of stories he has been getting, Gilbert decided to write his own. He provides himself with the rôle of a dashing chauffeur, a very devil with the ladies above and below stairs. The background is Austria, which permits a frequent waltz accompaniment. An engaging scoundrel, the chauffeur wins the love of the butler's bride while he is conducting an affair with his mistress, a baroness. Karl (Mr. Gilbert) seduces the bride, blackmails the baroness, robs the cook, and moves

Mae Marsh, Richard Cromwell, and Dorothy Jordan as the mother, the football hero, and his sweetheart in the picture of a college gridiron hero, That's My Boy.

Another film of the Dark Continent, Kongo specializes in shudders and shocks. Lupe Velez (below, with Walter Huston) makes a pleasing contrast.

Barrymore HIT

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

on to be chauffeur to a new and susceptible mistress.

It was during the making of this film that Mr. Gilbert met and fell in love with Virginia Bruce, who plays the butler's wife with charm and warmth. The love scenes, let me note, are pretty torrid. Mr. Gilbert, it seems to me, is delightful as the philandering chauffeur.

★ ★ THAT'S MY BOY

The problem of overemphasis in college sports again, with something of a new slant: what happens to the football hero when he slips off the front pages to oblivion.

Thomas Jefferson Scott is the gridiron sensation of Bedford. He is zealously guarded, his private life is subsidized (discreetly, of course), he goes around in blue glasses to avoid cheering throngs. In return, he builds a new stadium for Bedford, draws two millions to the box office each year. But what is to become of Thomas Jefferson Scott when he makes his last broken field run?

Here is a fairly interesting view of college football, not a little silly and adolescent at times, not a little false at other moments. For instance, I never heard a football crowd boo a player until That's My Boy. Richard Cromwell is the football meteor, Mae Marsh (not so long ago the tragic little Southern girl of The Birth of a Nation) is his mother, and Dorothy Jordan is his sweetheart.

★ ★ KONGO

This melodrama of darkest Africa was long reported to be on Overlord Hays' black list. A sinister, half-paralyzed trader, embittered at his wife's unfaithfulness, sees to it that the daughter of this indiscretion is dragged through the lowest depths from Zanzibar to the Congo. Then, just as he is about to deliver the wretched girl to savages to be burned, he learns she is his own daughter.

Kongo labors so hard to be shocking and harrowing that it completely misses its purpose, despite effective enough acting and direction. Walter Huston attempts a Lon Chaney as the wicked trader, Virginia Bruce (Mrs. John Gilbert) wins your sympathy as his tortured daughter, and Lupe Velez is too little on view as a first aid to tired ivory hunters.

Do you know that—

Carole Lombard is playing the lovely heroine of Grace Perkins' Liberty serial, No More Orchids, for Columbia Pictures?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances.

★★★—The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood? Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece.

GRAY SHOES

The Story of a Veteran's Sacrifice for God, Country, and a Girl

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By

M. McNAIR

(Reading time: 13 minutes 58 seconds.)

TOBE never lifted his eyes higher than the knee line of the passers-by. If he did, they always stared at his scarred face and instinctively shuddered. Tobe knew that they looked at him anyway, for cripples draw the eye. Sometimes, as he watched the crowds, a surge of envy swept over him, and he thought bitterly of a previous existence he had known. People had stared then at the six-foot sergeant of regular artillery for a different reason. That was before the dawn of a misty October morning in the Champagne country, fourteen years ago, when a 105-millimeter shell had sheared off his legs, lacerated his lean face. Now he sat with his cap full of gayly colored pencils, and watched the thousands of Feet go by, some hurrying, some loitering; men's feet, women's feet. You could tell by Feet what sort of person they belonged to. When the Feet were well dressed, you didn't get a very heavy crop of dimes and nickels. It was the owners of the poorly dressed Feet who always found a few pennies to drop into your cap.

Tobe, watching them go by, found their ceaseless rhythm beating a steady march in his brain. A rhythm that drummed itself into the half-forgotten swing of a vagrant verse read long ago, and summoned back to life because of its irony:

> Go to your God like a soldier,
> Like a soldier of the queen—
> Go to your God like a soldier,
> Like a soldier of the queen.

That was it. A brave, high idea. One that any soldier understood. But it was a tormenting idea, since his soldiering days were done, and he could but wait for death from the quiet, gnawing pain in his chest, as an old war dog, battered with strife, listens to the battle sounds afar and dies of an inane peacetime accident. The burning rhythm of the poetry would not forsake him, and day after day the passing Feet beat out the tantalizing syllables of his desire:

> Go to your God like a soldier,
> Like a soldier of the queen.

And Tobe, knowing the utter impossibility of this command, smiled bitterly and watched the Feet that passed him by, trying to forget his wish in a dull curiosity about their changeless, ever-new behavior.

All the Feet were in a hurry today. It was too cold to linger out of doors. People waited for their friends in the bright shops, where there was warmth, and light, and color. But Tobe sat patiently on the icy sidewalk, the stumps of his legs under him, his arms wrapped closely about his body. The old coat he wore was none too thick, and his gloves had holes in them.

A watery sunbeam slipped between two tall buildings and glittered faintly on a brand-new dime in his ragged cap. He remembered the woman who had given it to him. Well off, well dressed, well fed. Tobe tried to be grateful, kindly critical, but he couldn't help but think that she was making a gesture when she dropped that dime in his cap. A gesture to impress the man with her. Oh, well—

The stream of Feet hurried on. It was noon; everyone

PEOPLE had stared then for a different reason. That was before a misty October morning in the Champagne country, fourteen years ago.

Pictures by
JOHN PHILLIPS

wanted lunch. A near-by door opened and an order of frying potatoes and hot meat drifted to the man's nostrils. Wistfully he sniffed it, but the door closed and the delicious smell was gone. Tobe set his teeth and watched the Feet go by. Several dimes fell in his cap, and each time it happened he said, " Thank you, ma'am."

All the Feet were well dressed today— But no, there was a pair, small, shabby, moving slowly. Half eagerly

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he watched them pass him, saw the darned stockings just above the gray slippers. The slippers had run-down heels, were badly scuffed, yet somehow they managed a brave insouciance, defiant of the cold stone on which they trod. Tobe suspected that the soles were thin.

They passed, and then—slowly—hesitated, came back, stood before him. Tobe looked up, expecting the quiver of repulsion that touched people when they saw his face. But the wide gray eyes looking down at him had no such expression. Neither did they show that mushy pity which he hated. The slim girl above him was smiling faintly, although her lips were blue with cold. Gently a small hand dropped a quarter into his cap.

"Thank you, ma'am."

Gray Shoes smiled again. "I—I'm sorry it's not more."

And she was gone. Tobe stared after the hurrying little figure, saw it pause at the corner to wait for the traffic light. Then the girl was swallowed up in the throngs of people.

Tobe looked at the quarter thoughtfully. It was more than anyone else had given him today. And the girl had needed it, of that he was sure.

HE didn't see Gray Shoes again for several days. The weather had cleared, become warmer with a promise of spring. Thousands, millions of Feet passed him, and dozens gave him nickels, dimes, pennies, which dropped into his cap in time to the marching beat. Oddly, Tobe found that the rhythmic steps which passed him were no longer wholly devoted to beating out those lines of poetry which toyed so painfully with his great wish. Instead, the tramping of the Feet was like the glorious prelude to a prima donna's entrance, a sea of shuffling against which he hoped to hear the quick patter of badly run-down gray shoes. But Gray Shoes did not come, and her quarter lay safely in Tobe's inner pocket.

Then, on the fourth day, when he had given up hope, she passed, smiled at the scarred face lifted to her, and said "Good morning." After that Tobe saw her every three or four days. Always she smiled and spoke, and always the little gray shoes looked shabbier, but the spring had definitely come, and Tobe took satisfaction in the thought that the thin soles didn't make her feet cold.

At midday he took his sparse lunch of bread and coffee to the park. It was not far away, and with the aid of his sticks he managed splendidly. Even when the traffic was heaviest it took only fifteen minutes to go the two blocks, and it was worth the effort. He enjoyed watching the pigeons pick seeds from the grass, the children plucking fat yellow dandelions, the fountain playing in the sunlight. There, one day, he saw Gray Shoes. She was sitting on a bench not far off, thin, white little face thrown back to the sun and air, her feet tapping in time to the faint strains of a radio in a corner drug store. She looked happy, with the luminous happiness of spring and youth, though her stockings were still darned and the shoes needed new soles. Tobe sat down near her, and the girl smiled. He wished he dared talk to her.

Maybe the spring air had magic in it, for she came over and sat down beside him with an air of old acquaintanceship. Tobe was dumbly grateful. He couldn't talk brightly, but Gray Shoes bubbled over with good spirits, and he listened diffidently to her chatter.

The clock in the church tower boomed a heavy, melodious chime and the girl arose, her eyes on the dancing fountain.

"I must go back now."

The day was just as bright, but Tobe felt that the sun was not as golden as it had been a moment before, the grass was not so green. He watched the slim figure disappear, and wondered if she would come back tomorrow.

She did. And the next day—and the next. Gray Shoes haunted the park at noon. Evidently it was her only time for such dalliance, and always Tobe managed to get there first, so that no precious moment of her company might be wasted. Often people stared at the strangely assorted couple on the bench—the crippled beggar with his scarred face and ragged uniform coat, the graceful girl with luminous gray eyes and shabby black dress. But Gray Shoes—Tobe dared not ask her name, lest she vanish like an enchanted princess—didn't seem to notice, and it was Tobe who worried. He was afraid that some friend of hers would think meanly of her sweet friendship with him.

Apparently Gray Shoes knew no one.

WHEN his shyness wore off, Tobe told her of the Feet that passed him every day, and the girl listened with wide eyes, greatly interested. She exclaimed over the fact that it was the badly dressed Feet who gave him pennies, nickels, and dimes, while the well dressed Feet passed by.

"Why?" she asked.

Tobe shook his head. "The poor Feet know what it is to do without, to suffer. They understand. The rich Feet don't."

Gray Shoes thought this over with a quaint air of gravity, small thin hands folded limply in black lap. When she looked up her eyes were gray flames of indignation, her small mouth quivered.

"Oh," she cried, "if I were rich—" She stopped, and Tobe nodded.

"That's what we all say, miss. And those of us that has nothing are the ones that's generous."

Gray Shoes stood up with a sigh. "Well, I must go back." (Tobe knew that "back" was an office where she got ten dollars a week, and worked until six o'clock at night.)

After she had gone he picked up his

sticks and shuffled down the street to his post, two blocks away. . . .

Life was good to him that summer. The world seemed prosperous, and every day his cap was heavy with silver. Every day he met Gray Shoes in the park, and they sat under the trees and talked, while heat waves shimmered over the grass. He knew that her name was Sally Stanton, that she was an orphan, but to him she was always "Gray Shoes." When he stumped homeward through the blue twilight of evening he thought of her, recalling the silvery little voice, the gay gray eyes, and the little gray slippers. They had been resoled, and still danced along on their mistress's feet.

FOR days he mused, sitting with his cap full of colored pencils, dark eyes astare at nothing.

YES, Tobe was happy. He had many dimes and nickels, the park was pretty, and Gray Shoes was fast becoming a divinity to him. Comparing her with the owners of the Feet that passed him, she was gracious, lovely, fragile, and he longed to serve her. For days he mused, sitting with his cap full of colored pencils before him on the pavement, dark eyes astare at nothing. Gray Shoes had given him something wonderful, and he wanted to repay her. One did not think of payment between friends, but it was possible to return a gift in kind. It occurred to him that he might save out enough of his earnings to buy her a pretty trifle; something like other girls had. Gravely he weighed the respective merits of a string of pearl beads, of one of those little powder boxes, or a shining silver bracelet. But all three were pushed aside. He must give something that was—well—fine, misty, lovely, like herself. It troubled him for weeks. He did not wish to ask her what sort of thing she liked. That would hurt her feelings. She would think it a poor return for her friendship. Indeed, it would be much the same as receiving something exquisite, and, all unasked, paying down so much money for it. No, he would have to solve the puzzle himself.

So Tobe, almost forgetful of the fierce little pain that gnawed in his breast, watched the Feet go by while he thought, and the Feet gave him much silver. But always in one inner pocket lay a bright quarter. Often he had gone without coffee—his one weakness—but the quarter was untouched.

And then, one day, Gray Shoes did not come to the park. Tobe waited for an hour, and, heavy-hearted, went back to his place. Nor did Gray Shoes come the next day—nor the next. Tobe imagined all the terrible things that might have happened to her. Maybe she was ill, alone, needing help. Or maybe she had gone away. But his loyalty stoutly denied that. She would have told him; come to say good-by. No, Gray Shoes would come again. Of that he was sure. And in the meantime he would go every day to their place in the park.

He was right. Gray Shoes did come again. Thinner than before, with drooping shoulders and pinched face, she walked slowly down the path, and sank with a sigh on the soft grass beside him. She was sorry not to have come sooner. She had been sick. The doctor called it something strange. Anæmia. Did Tobe know what that was? Neither did she.

Tobe thought of lots of things after that. The pain in his breast was troubling him. Army surgeons in

SON: I dread damp weather, mother. My muscles pain me so.

MOTHER: Fiddlesticks, son. Rub on Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and knocks the stuffings out of soreness.

SON: What's "counter-irritant" mean?

MOTHER: Doc Haggerty says it's something that penetrates, draws out congestion and pain.

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France had said that in time it would kill him, but he hadn't felt it so keenly for months. If anything happened to him, what would become of his savings, the pennies, dimes, nickels that had been dropped in his cap for the last ten years? It was not a great amount, but he had planned to buy a tiny place in the country some day, and to that end had hoarded seven hundred and thirty dollars. If he died, there was no one to inherit it.

That night the pain struck so sharply that it was a warning of what was to come, and Tobe winced, more from the mental hurt, as he thought of the manner in which he would go, than from the actual pain. What a way for an old soldier to die! But there was a saving satisfaction. At last he had found a way to help Gray Shoes. When he died she should have his money. Painfully he wrote out his wishes with a worn pencil stub on a piece of coarse yellow paper, and the impromptu will was left with a lawyer who boarded near by, a kindly young fellow, who laughed and said that Tobe would live for years.

"You'll enjoy that little place in the country, yet, old man."

Tobe still worried over Gray Shoes. Until he did die, the money was no good to her. She wouldn't accept it from him now, and he was sure she needed it. The sun glittered on the silver in his cap while he worried, and the Feet marched by, stamping out a taunting rhythm:

Go to your God like a soldier,
Like a soldier of the queen.

Suddenly he looked up welcomingly, blinked his eyes in the light. Gray Shoes was coming down the street, her heels tapping rapidly as she walked. He smiled at her, and the girl stopped for a moment. There was a harassed expression on her face.

"I've got to hurry," she explained breathlessly. "I forgot to get some stamps this morning, and my boss is cross."

She hastened on, while Tobe wondered how anyone could be cross with her. He shook his head and pondered over the inexplicability of human beings. A frown creased his brow as he remembered how tired, how pale she looked. In a few minutes she would be coming back, and he would tell her not to rush so. She was still weak from that anæmia thing.

A large pair of Feet dropped a nickel in his cap.

"Thank you, ma'am."

Automatically he nodded, and the nickel was forgotten as he watched Gray Shoes returning, perspiration beading her upper lip, her eyes circled with dark lines. He smiled and saw her step from the curb into the street.

Then he froze with horror. But only for a moment. With a terrible, wordless cry he flung himself across the sidewalk, the nickel in his cap falling on the hot cement, pencils spilling in all directions. He reached the curb in time to grasp Gray Shoes' skirt and jerk her aside, but his legless body kept rolling. A heavily laden truck loomed over him, and Tobe shut his eyes. Brakes screamed like something tortured, people milled frantically, and Gray Shoes was on her knees, the pink stamps squandered, forgotten, underfoot, her eyes in terror on a blurred mass under the truck.

A police whistle skirled loudly, and the truck driver protested.

"Honest, officer, it ain't my fault. That girl stepped into the street, and the cripple grabbed her skirt. He couldn't get back in time to save hisself."

An authoritative voice was giving orders. "All right, all right. Back up, and let's get him outa there."

The truck, its gears in reverse, rolled back, and Gray Shoes looked down at Tobe.

Slowly his eyes opened for a moment, while one hand fumbled weakly in a pocket and drew forth a bright silver quarter.

The policeman laid a hand on the girl's arm.

"Here, sister, come outa that."

Gray Shoes shook herself free, oblivious of the curious crowd, conscious only of her friend.

It was growing dark, but Tobe could hear the rhythmic tramp of Feet, and now it was a triumphant sound, stamping out the swinging lines of poetry:

Go to your God like a soldier,
Like a soldier of the queen.

Again he smiled contentedly at Gray Shoes, then his head fell back, and the bright silver quarter, barely visible between his closed fingers, glittered in the sunlight.

THE END

Next Week—
Beginning

Three Men at Once

By

Elmer Davis

A startling new serial of a girl who hated dullness, and set forth to find what life and love were all about

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

WHAT would you say if I suggested that your fine piece of Chinese jade may be nothing but a garnet? Would you call me color-blind? Very well then, let's ask Stephen Varni, expert in stones.

He hands me a flat green stone.

"Beautiful jade," I say.

Mr. Varni laughs.

"Plenty of people buy that for Chinese jade," he tells me, "and they pay jade prices for it. A real piece of Chinese jade that size would cost about four hundred dollars. This stone is worth fifty dollars. It is a green garnet. We call it African jade."

You and I, you see, are not the only ones whose fondness for gems is not based upon reliable knowledge. Every day Mr. Varni tests stones for professional jewelers, and every day he finds many a fake that has been passed off by some unscrupulous salesman.

Zircons pass as sapphires, beryls masquerade as emeralds, tourmalines double for sapphires too, and turquoise matrix may very well be made of turquoise dust mixed with ink and solidified.

Tricky as they are, these stones can all make you color-drunk with their shimmering beauty. I saw one kunzite that was exactly like a dewdrop on a lilac blossom. I saw fifty tourmalines in a row, shading to every tone of green that you could find on earth or in the sea.

There were topazes that were like autumn settling on the woods, gold and russet and flame. And one opal I saw was a perfect little replica of Vesuvius pouring molten lava. No wonder the great Henry Ward Beecher, master of beautiful sermons, always carried opals in his pocket for inspiration.

A SUCCESSFUL business woman of mature years made the acquaintance of a very prominent elderly man. They were on a boat sailing for Europe, he with his wife, and the business woman met them through mutual friends.

Twice she talked casually with the prominent man, then he found her alone on deck one evening, grabbed her and kissed her—not playfully, either.

She broke away. "You must be crazy," she said.

"Oh, well," he answered, "a man is entitled to some diversion."

No apology. No fear of the consequences.

Telling me of this, the business woman said, "He saw that I could do nothing. What could I do? He is really quite famous, and my position in business is high enough to be seriously endangered by scandal.

"If I had been a little stenographer without much of a job I could have slapped his face, made a scene, and everyone would have said I was right to do so.

"But because I am somewhat prominent myself I could do nothing; no one ever would have believed that such a well known man had actually tried to make love to me against my will."

Here we have a curious by-product of woman's new place in the world. I know that experiences similar to this have happened and are happening to any number of successful business women.

WHY don't people have dawn parties? The only parties in honor of the sun are held when the moon steps in front of him.

Eclipse parties—what an idea! As though the sun isn't swell enough when he's the whole works!

The dawn is *fun*.

I've been writing all night, and this morning I saw the sun rise. Very sulky he was, too. Up the gray dawn sky he climbed, wrapped in a dark red dressing gown, until he hung glowering over the minaret of a skyscraper. I *know* he stayed there longer than the traffic regulations of the firmament allow. I saw him linger wearily. Then he threw off his red wrapper and emerged with a pale, crooked smile—like a toothache victim bravely facing a heartless world.

WON'T it be lovely when we cook our meals by radio? That's what the electric-gadget business is promising now. Just think of it—your crooner fries your crullers, your grand opera simmers your soup, and a snappy talk on current events gives you apple sauce done to a turn. Already the engineers have roasted a hot dog by radio in Pittsburgh. The cooking and broadcast receiving is all done by the same set. A handy household article *that* will be, when it goes on sale.

THE art of leisure is finally going to be studied scientifically in this country. A group of educational experts will devote some months to an investigation of American leisure habits, and then make recommendations.

It seems likely that children will be taught, as part of their school instruction, how to make the most of their leisure time. When they are, I believe a grave source of human unrest and discontent will have been probed, and its removal begun. For the enjoyment of leisure does not come naturally to many of us, but must be cultivated as carefully as the work by which we live.

CHEESE straws won't show you the way the wind blows, but I promise you that these will pick up any salad quite wonderfully. Make them as follows:

Grate 1 cup *dry* cheese. Sift together 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, scant ¼ teaspoon Cayenne pepper, some ground mace.

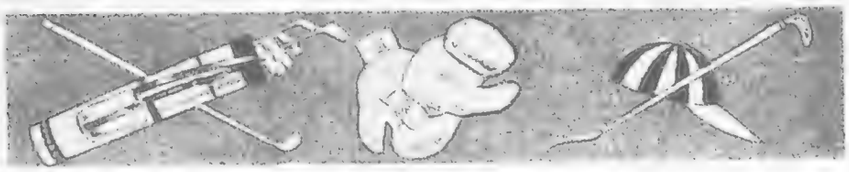
Combine this mixture with the cheese and pour in ⅓ cup *salad oil*. Mix with a fork, adding enough water to make a soft dough. Roll in ¼-inch thickness, cut in ½-inch strips, bake 20 minutes in a quick oven. The straws should be golden brown.

I HAVE enjoyed reading J. B. Priestley's new novel, Faraway. His people are strange and amusing, and I found the adventure absorbing. (Published by Harpers.)

Acme photo
Ted Ray, British golfer, did things wrong from the standpoint of form, but won British and American open championships.

Acme photo
Harry Greb, a ring whirlwind, led with his right—but did he land it!

Wide World photo
Tod Sloan, great jockey, showing his "monkey on a stick" style. All wrong—but it booted in winner



THEY IT BUT

Some Outstanding Examples of Freak Styles That Have Carried Famous Athletes to Success

(Reading time: 13 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE noon sun flecked the palm trees in a little Florida town. It was a day when the average citizen was none too busy, but half a mile or so down the main street there were signs of great activity. In the sprawling dusty ball park the Athletics were training, starting another lap on that long campaign which was to restore Philadelphia's baseball glory.

A lanky, even gawky, young man with heavy shoulders stepped to the plate. The pitcher shot a curve knee-high and across the inside corner. Ordinarily it is the most difficult of balls to hit. The young man at the plate went through an astounding series of seeming convulsions. He jerked away, his right leg swung in a wide arc as if he intended to leap backward out of the park. Then the heavy shoulders hunched forward swiftly. Wood cracked against leather. The ball whistled to the far reaches of the outfield.

"My God, Connie," exclaimed an onlooker, "they've sold you another lemon! That bird's got his foot in the water bucket a mile. He'll never be a big-timer."

Connie Mack smiled softly, rubbed his lean jaw.

"Yes," he murmured. "Al don't look like Ty Cobb up there. But did you notice what happened? He hit it, didn't he? And did you see where that ball landed? Maybe it was wrong, but I've never yet known them to boo a home run, and that was a home run in any park."

Al stayed with the club. When the Athletics made their first appearance in the North he created much comment and considerable laughter. It just couldn't be; it wasn't according to Hoyle; he wouldn't do. Smart pitchers would fool him completely.

That was in 1924. Since then the Athletics have won three American League pennants and two world championships. They could never have done it without Al Simmons. In 1930 and 1931 he was the league's leading hitter. Last season he did not do so well, but he had more hits than any other player, and the White Sox paid well when they bought him from the Athletics. He is perhaps the best hitter in baseball; certainly he has only one or two peers.

Al knew that his batting style was all wrong. His idol was Ty Cobb, a model of good form at the plate. But when he was a youngster Al had been hit on the head by a pitched ball. For a while he had been bat shy, starting back each time the ball whizzed toward him. Many boys would have quit right then. Simmons had nerve and he loved the game. He kept on. Before long he found that he could hit with the best of them. He was doing it wrong, but—he was leading the league.

Nowadays you hear overmuch about form. Perhaps the movies have had something to do with it. I inter-

Wide World photo

eorge Spitz, who has a grasshopper form all his wn, breaks world records in the running high jump.

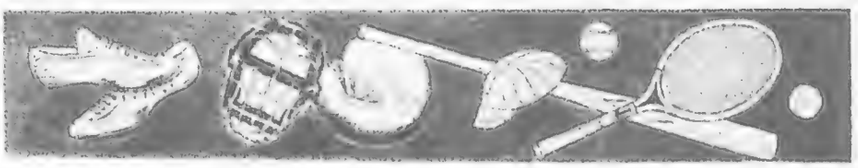
Wide World photo

McLoughlin's comet-like speed was wrong—but revolutionized tennis!

Acme photo

And here's Al Simmons, who may have his foot "in the water bucket" but is one of baseball's heaviest hitters.

DID *WRONG* — — !



By

HUGH BRADLEY

viewed a dozen leading exponents of form, trying to find out what it was. The composite answer seems to be that it is doing things gracefully, according to the accepted fashion, looking as pretty as a picture.

Naturally that is confusing and even disheartening to the average man or woman. We feel that we cannot succeed unless we imitate the masters, and we are keenly aware of our lack of the same physical equipment.

That is a mistake. You can do it wrong—and succeed. When they were fighting the Civil War it was the mode to imitate Napoleon. Many generals did very well at it, but the general who got the verdict at the finish was U. S. Grant. He disliked Napoleon, and his campaigns were vastly different from those of Bonaparte, but that didn't keep him from trouncing the imitators.

Simmons is not the only baseball player who did it wrong. Bow-legged, awkward, Hans Wagner seemed to embody all the tenets of what not to do. Many competent observers who witnessed the results declare that he was the greatest player that ever lived.

A lesser performer, Wilcey Moore, spent most of his life in the minors because the scouts did not like his pitching motion. It was too jerky; he could not bring his arm back far enough. The late Miller Huggins, manager of the Yankees, had been told all this, but he noticed that Cy was getting results just the same. He discovered that Cy couldn't bring his arm back any farther because an accident had stiffened his shoulder.

Huggins gave Moore his chance. The bald-headed, shambling farmer did almost as important work as did Babe Ruth in winning two pennants and a like number of world championships for the Yankees. They let him go after that, but this year, when they were seeking another pennant, they were glad to buy him back.

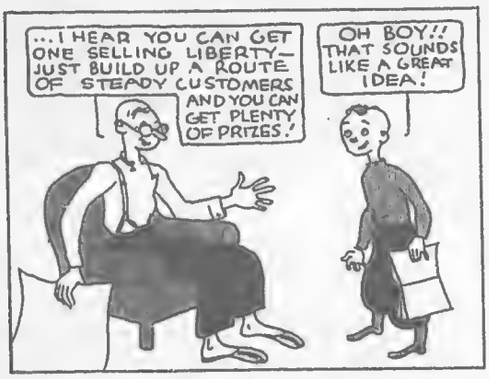
Maybe you have decided to quit golf because you cannot obey all the instructions the pro has given you. Maybe you lurch at the ball, or topple off balance at the finish of your swing.

THERE was a powerful fellow named Ted Ray who was doing rather well for himself a few years ago. He lurched at the ball, he was off balance, and he did a few other things wrong. But he won the British open championship in 1912 and the American open eight years later. Few stylists have accomplished such a feat. Ray knew that he was doing things wrong, but it suited him, and the results indicate that he was right.

Having trouble with your woods? Jerome D. Travers used to have just as much trouble as you or I. He won the American amateur title four times and the American open crown once. When his woods failed him so dismally he used his irons. It wasn't good form, but—you can't laugh off those championships.

Putting has more individual interpretations than any other golf stroke. Consider that some day when they're not dropping in for you properly. There are near champions who line up every putt, set themselves to look pretty, waggle the club a few times, and then miss.

"All things come to him who hustles while he waits"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Travers won most of his tests on the green. He just walked up and tapped them in. So did Jones.

Anyhow, you cannot look much worse than Leo Diegel. He has tried practically everything but standing on his head while aiming at the cup. The last time I saw him he was planted with elbows almost at right angles, feet spraddled almost into a split, and body bent painfully. It hurt you to watch him, but he dropped that putt, a twenty-footer on a twisting downhill lie. No picture golfer on the green, but few men are as deadly there and few have ever made as much money out of the game.

For years golfing form and Bobby Jones have been synonymous. Unless it was Harry Vardon, the sport has never known a more perfect stylist. They made some moving pictures of Bobby's strokes. I was present when they ran them off before a delighted audience of experts, pro and amateur. Words of praise, almost of awe, were spoken concerning his rhythmic grace, his smoothly flowing ease.

Then they ran the picture in slow motion. There were gasps of surprise, almost of horror. They had to run it over again, and once more, before the audience would believe. Yes, it was true, at the top of his back swing Bobby hesitated. For a moment that was almost imperceptible except in slow motion his club halted before descending.

Through all the years one of the cardinal points in the teaching of golf had been, "Let your club flow back and down easily, without a halt."

Yet here was the master of them all, the man who did everything right, pausing at the top of his swing. Mention that to your pro the next time he tells you how many things you are doing wrong.

THE stylists of riding form also received a tossing about years ago. Tod Sloan did it. Before his day most of the great jockeys sat back in the saddle, used rather long stirrups. Sloan came along; he shortened the stirrups, he crouched far over on the horse's neck. It looked awkward then. The English called it "monkey on a stick" riding. But Sloan was winning races. He seemed to blend with his mount, to be able to throw his horse forward in that last spurt before the wire was reached.

Today the "monkey on a stick" riding is the accepted form in the United States and in most other places.

Tennis is a game in which style is said to count heavily. Perhaps you have visited Forest Hills, seen Bill Tilden or Cochet, and decided that you were all wrong in thinking that you could play the game.

It was well that Maurice McLoughlin didn't feel that way. Remember when this California Comet blazed upon the East? His terrific service was vastly different from the softer, orthodox delivery of William A. Larned, his predecessor as king of the American courts, and his very homemade ground strokes sometimes drew smiles from form-worshiping onlookers. But for two years he was champion.

Even if we have the physical equipment, there are times when we do it wrong. Perhaps we cannot afford the services of the teachers of rhythm, or it may be that they do not wish to be bothered with us.

George Spitz had agile legs; he liked to jump. So he tied a string to the fence out in the back yard and practiced jumping. Later George entered college. In his first big track meet he broke the world indoor record for the running high jump.

THE coaches thought that was an accident. He didn't do things like Osborn, who had held the record. In fact, he did them just as differently as possible. Spitz paid no attention. A week later he broke another record. That was more than a year ago, but he has been continuing along the same lines ever since. A sprained ankle cost him his chance to win the Olympic title, but he continues to be the world's best jumper. He still goes over the bar like a grasshopper because his coach has been wise enough not to think of changing his methods.

A German boy who hasn't been in this country long enough to become a citizen provides another example of results from unorthodox methods.

To train for a marathon is strenuous, exacting work. Many miles should be run each day, the body should be properly massaged, the lungs exercised carefully; diet requires special attention.

Paul De Bruyn arises at five in the morning and runs ten miles. Then he rushes to the boiler room where he is employed as a stoker. At times he is called upon to help the engineer with a leaky pipe. Then his lungs are penetrated occasionally by whiffs of ammonia. When his eight-hour day is ended he practices gymnastics at a *Turnverein.* His dinner hours are spent enjoying German cooking and cooling drafts of what goes with it.

Last spring he had a fourteen-day vacation in Boston that cost him sixty-three dollars. On the last day he won the Boston marathon, perhaps the most important of the distance races in this country and a matter of twenty-six miles, up hill and down. When he had stepped that distance in two hours and thirty-three minutes he felt the need of some exercise. So he spent the afternoon bowling.

At night he danced until it was time to take the train back to New York. Then he sat in the day coach and was back on the job on time.

It's all wrong, but it will take more than that statement to prevent De Bruyn from winning further victories. His methods of training are not to be recommended to anyone else, but they seem to suit him.

Football has its examples, too. Princeton was playing Yale in 1899 and was sorely pressed for victory. Late in the game Arthur Poe kicked a field goal which provided the win-

ning margin. That thirty-five-yard drop kick has gone down in football history. Why? There have been hundreds of longer kicks under far worse weather conditions. Here's the answer:

The Tigers were having trouble gaining through the line. The game was almost over. A drop kick seemed their only chance to score. But their only players who could kick were out of the game.

"I'll kick it. I'll take the chance," Poe said.

His team mates thought he must be fooling, even though it was not the custom of the Poes to joke on a football field. Arthur was a good player but he was not a kicker; no one had ever seen him boot a ball in practice. In fact, he never had.

They let him have his way. The kick was successful, but it cannot be said that the ball soared between the goal posts. From the standpoint of soaring it was a pretty poor kick. Poe's style was worse. To this day there are arguments as to whether he kicked with his toe, his instep, or his knee. Certain it is that he had no form. He did it wrong—but he knew that he could do it and he did it. The story is a good one to remember the next time you are indulging in your favorite sport and feel self-conscious because you are not as pretty as a picture.

Eddie Mahan's loping stride, the way he swayed his hips, a few other things about him in action, did not impress the coaches as being the proper style when he reported for the Harvard team. But they were wise enough to let him alone. It is difficult to leave him off of an all-time All-America team.

The late George Gipp of Notre Dame was another. He had little regard for theories when results were needed. With only a few seconds to go in the final period of a game, Notre Dame was on the ten-yard stripe needing a touchdown to win. The players huddled to discuss the proper play. Precious time was being wasted. Other games have been lost because of such indecision. Gipp saw the field judge raise his arm to give the signal that ended the contest.

"Give me that ball!" he yelled.

BEFORE either the opponents or his team mates knew what was happening, he had smashed through the line for the winning touchdown. Conventionally, he should have waited until the quarterback made up his mind. But that might have lost the game. The late Knute Rockne always liked to tell the story in praise of Gipp.

Rockne was a coach who was a stickler for detail, but he knew that you often did it right even when you seemed to be doing it wrong. He was unlike the baseball manager who reprimanded a player for winning a game in the ninth inning with a home run, reprimanded him because the manager believed that the baseball Hoyle ordained that the game should be won by some other method.

Ever see King Levinsky in the prize ring? If you want to take up fighting, you can do it with the knowledge that you cannot possibly do as many things wrong as the Chicagoan. Yet the King has one habit that the stylists envy: He's usually on his feet when the final bell rings. Tommy Loughran won the reputation of being the master boxer of the present generation, at least among the heavier men. He was a model of what you should do in the ring. Levinsky beat him.

He also caused Jack Dempsey some anguish when the former champion was indulging in his "comeback" tour last winter. Dempsey's opponents were being selected with care, but there was no hesitation over picking Levinsky. While his punch was more highly extolled than his other abilities, Dempsey was always a capable boxer. Even though he was far slower than in his heyday, his friends felt sure that he could outpoint Levinsky easily. He didn't.

YES, the critics will say, but Levinsky will never be a champion; the champions have to do it right.

Do they? There is no use in going back to Bob Fitzsimmons or some of those warriors of an earlier day. The present generation saw the most unorthodox of them all. His name was Harry Greb. He won the middleweight championship and frequently beat men who weighed from ten to fifty pounds more than he did.

He was not a puncher of the Fitzsimmons type, able to end a fight with one devastating blow. Largely, he won because his only claim to form was that he lacked all form. He swarmed over opponents who, trained in orthodox methods, were bewildered because he didn't fight their way.

I saw him one night, I believe it was the time when he beat Gene Tunney, slapping, wrestling, hauling, doing everything wrong. Time after time he started punches with his left, shifted in mid-air, and landed with his right instead. Even oftener than that he violated the strictest canon of the prize ring, "Never lead with your right." To disregard that means that you lay yourself wide open for a knockout.

Later I talked with him in his dressing room and made the usual remark about his doing everything wrong.

"Yeah, but I won, didn't I?" he said. It was not a question but a statement. If it had been a question I could not have found an answer to it.

Technically form is the application of basic principles of rhythm and coordination. It is to be highly desired, but obviously the pattern must be altered for the individual. Although it is more than window dressing it is not essential.

Others have lacked it and have got by on their own power. Think of them the next time things go poorly on the links or on the courts.

They did it wrong—but—!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Benjamin Franklin.
2—From the first letters of the following words: to insure promptness.
3—In hoofed quadrupeds, the bone supporting the leg from knee to fetlock.
4—One who holds that in the Gospel dispensation the moral law is not necessary or obligatory, faith alone being required.
5—The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.
6—From 1864 to 1867.
7—The alley, not the aisle.
8—Boston, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island.
9—Minnesota.
10—No; the name probably was given because of the large dogs found there; from *canis*, the Latin word for dog.
11—In water.
12—Yes, after nine years' residence.
13—July 4, 1848.
14—It comes from the Chinese words *pak* and *hao*, meaning white and hair; the young leaves being picked with the white down still on them.
15—The land.
16—From the Peruvian *charqui*, which eventually became "jerky."
17—Theodore Roosevelt, forty-two.
18—In 1883.
19—The story of Bluebeard has often been associated with the history of Gilles de Laval, a Marshal of France in 1429, hanged in 1440.
20—The line of union in an immovable articulation, like those between the bones of the skull.

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK, LIBERTY'S ANNUAL $5,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST!

About

By

ANTHONY ABBOT

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt's work on an astounding crime, as told by Colt's secretary. Josie La Tour, star in Colonel Tod Robinson's circus, dropped from the rings to her death. Colt's theory was—murder. Going, with his secretary and District Attorney Dougherty, to the apartment where Josie had lived with her acrobat husband, Flandrin, Colt found a trunk which, when opened, revealed the dead body of Keblia—witch doctor of Robinson's Ubangi freaks—and one tear-gas cartridge. The cartridge was a vital clue, since an analysis of Josie's tarnished dress indicated the effect of tear gas. Suddenly the searchers heard the sound of a woman weeping.

PART EIGHT—NEW ENIGMAS

IT was not an illusion. Our hearing had not been tricked. Somewhere in this sinister place there was a living woman crying at the top of her voice.

As with one accord, Colt and I rushed from the bedroom, with Gminder at our heels.

Through the intervening rooms we raced, pausing at last in the kitchen. But it was empty, as were all the others.

"The voice is coming from the outer hall," decided Thatcher Colt. He threw back the door, put one boot over the threshold, and looked out. I was peering over his shoulder and together we found the weeping lady.

The Murder of the Circus Queen

The Riddle of the Weeping Woman—Flora on the Rack—The Man Who Owned the Tear-Gas Gun—A Small Clue Bulks Big

COLT lifted the rifle, carried it over to the light of a floor lamp, and studied it intently.

She was standing before us, full-bodied and altogether earthly. In the subdued light of the overhead electric lamp, she crouched against the wall—a tall and robust woman, but in hysterics.

"Who are you?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"I am Flandrin's first wife," the woman answered, straightening up and dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

Flora, as Flandrin had called her, was cheaply but attractively dressed in a costume of red. I suppose she was well into her thirties. Her flat yellow hair had undoubtedly been dyed; and the make-up was overdone—yet there was something tragically childlike under all her make-believe.

"Step inside!" invited the Police Commissioner.

Staring straight ahead of her, Flora obeyed, entering the living room and at once flouncing wearily down into an armchair drawn up against a courtyard window. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Colt furtively. One would have thought the Commissioner quite disinterested. It was an old police device. Nothing so worries a witness as waiting. Knowing the police would question her, the first wife of Flandrin instinctively began to nerve herself for the ordeal. And like many other witnesses she would probably be ready to snap before the ordeal even began.

As Gminder returned to the kitchen to have his drink all alone, Thatcher Colt turned his back on Flora and went to his former task. Slowly and patiently he studied the framed portraits with their autographs. He looked over the little library.

And all the while the first wife of Flandrin sat waiting, her resolution slowly oozing away. Her eyes roved around the room, darted at Colt, and then looked away. Before long the woman's hands were trembling; at any moment she might scream. She had had enough—and sensing precisely the most unbearable instant of the long wait, Colt turned and faced her.

"Your full name?"

She straightened up, her hands tightly gripping the arms of the chair. "Flora Becker Heisse."

"Age?"

"Twenty-six."

(We learned later that Flora was thirty-four, but all women are elusive on this subject.)

"Where are you living now?"

"I have a room at the Little Florence on West Forty-third Street. It's a rooming house."

"Are you working?"

"No; my former husband pays all my expenses and supports me in idleness—it is a charming custom I discovered in this country."

"Where were you born?"

"Stuttgart."

"How long have you been in the United States?"

"A year."

"Doing what?"

"Living. It was in Europe my husband gave up his studies and left me—I followed him here."

"Why did your husband leave you?"

"To marry Josie, of course."

"Was he to blame?"

"Of course not! He was like a child in that woman's hands. She filled him up with a lot of flattery—made him think he was too good for me. Some women know how to do that. She made him think that I was holding him back. He imagined it was all a great romance—and his early marriage to me a great mistake."

Colt lit a cigarette.

"No wonder you feel bitter about it," was his comment.

"Bitter? Not I!" she denied. "I felt sorry for my husband. Some day, I knew, he would come back to me. I knew that she made his life one unshirted hell—that was her expression, not mine, but I heard it."

THATCHER COLT closed his eyes. "How did you know Josie La Tour had spent this afternoon with Marburg Lovell?"

Flora colored violently. "I followed her. I have often followed her. I was determined to get something on her."

"You saw her go to Lovell's home?"

"I did."

"What time?"

"She went in about two thirty and it was nearly five before she came out."

"As God is your witness?"

"Yes—amen to that!"

"You have been seeing your former husband recently?"

"Yes—until he went away on that trip. He fell back in his alimony, and I have met him several times. Although I love him much, I did consider taking legal action against him."

"Is that why you came here tonight?"

There was a long pause while Flora considered this question.

At last she answered: "No. I came here tonight because I knew my husband needed me."

"You mean you just had a hunch?"

"No; I knew what had happened—in fact, I saw it happen."

"You were in the Garden?"

"Of course I was. I couldn't miss the opening. I have to see the performance of my husband."

Colt opened his eyes suddenly.

"Where were you sitting?"

"In an upper tier, front row."

"Do you remember the number of your seat?"

With fingers whose quiverings could not be governed, Flora drew forth from a bag of alligator skin the orange stub of a pasteboard ticket. I put the stub in an envelope and marked it for identification. Colt went on: "You were sitting in Section J. That was in line with the Roman rings of Josie La Tour, was it not?"

"Directly."

"Were you watching when she fell?"

"Yes."

"Notice anything peculiar just before that?"

"I don't know whether you would call it peculiar or not. I got a look at her face and she looked scared to me. But I always did say she was yellow—if something tough suddenly got in her way, she would be bound, I knew, to get what you call cold feet. That's all I know about it."

"YOU think helped him kill her! I did She deserved to but I didn't do

Colt nodded. "And after she fell—what did you do?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I cleared out as soon as I could. I came up here. Maybe it wasn't the ladylike thing to do—but I didn't care about that. The woman who had wrecked my husband's life and mine was out of the way. No matter what anybody thought of me, I wanted to let him know that I was sorry for him and I'd do anything for him. I guess you think it would have been better if I hadn't come. But that's not the way I look at it."

Colt made an eloquent gesture with his hands.

"I'm not criticizing you," he protested. "What I am anxious to know is what you did after you got here."

"I walked in downstairs. The front door is usually open and the janitor in this place is generally drunk. So I walked in and tried the front door of this apartment, and it was locked. So were the other doors. So I went downstairs and decided to wait outside. I thought Flandrin would be home any minute. I saw lights go on and then go off, and I couldn't figure that out. I saw you three come up. I didn't want to get mixed up in anything, so I just loafed on the other side of the street.

"I saw my husband when he went in—I called to him, but he didn't hear me. So I said to myself, 'I'll just wait till the police go, then walk up and ring the bell.' Then other cops came, and finally I saw the big fat man with red curls come down with Flandrin and two policemen with them. I ran over and spoke—and my own husband refused to speak to me! They all drove away. I suppose I lost my head over that—I came up here, and as soon as I got to the top of the stairs I began to cry—and you came out."

The Police Commissioner looked at his watch.

"The fall," he reminded her, "occurred at exactly ten twenty P. M. What time did you leave the Garden?"

"About five minutes later."

"You came here in a cab?"

"No, sir; I walked."

"What time did you get here?"

"About a quarter of eleven, I guess."

"See any persons you recognized at the windows of this apartment during all that time?"

"Nobody could have got in the front door or gone out that way. I was watching the whole time. Wasn't I waiting for Flandrin to come back?"

COLT studied Flora with great deliberation. In the bitter lines of her face one could read the story of a woman who had found hope a good *apéritif* but a poor dessert.

"Now, Mrs. Heisse," the Commissioner resumed, "is it not true that you have tried to sell the story of your marriage and divorce to one of the picture papers?"

"I? Who told you such a thing?"

"Colonel Robinson, earlier this evening. He called it blackmail."

A horseshoe frown gathered on the forehead of this large and powerful woman. She could not withdraw her eyes from the stern gaze of her accuser. The muscles of her large face began to jerk and twitch. Her eyes rolled in her head and her large lips parted, exposing uneven teeth. She moaned; and then suddenly, unexpectedly, she cried out:

"You think I helped him to kill her! I didn't! She deserved to die, but I didn't do it. I even tried to stop him. I begged him not to do it."

Colt did not move. Like a statue, pale and grim, he continued to gaze at her; and now her arms weaved and her whole body quivered as if trying to extricate herself from his spell. "You can't blame me!" she screamed. "He was mad to do it. I warned him not to try. I can't stand any more! I've had enough. Talk to the guilty one, not to me—talk to Flandrin!"

Her body crumpled and she toppled forward in a clumsy heap on the floor. Startled, I sprang to my feet. I felt horribly shaken. But Thatcher Colt seemed only mournful and disgruntled as he towered above the overlarge, awkward body sprawled at our feet.

"Good God!" I gasped. "Dougherty will have a bullet-proof case now!"

"BULLET-PROOF, Tony? Here, help me lift this woman up to the bed. There—now take off her hat. You've been in the Police Department long enough to know her talk is bunk. And you don't need a psychiatrist to tell you that she is neurotic. She was in the Garden tonight, gathering all the gossip she could. She learned that murder was suspected. If Josie was murdered, did Flandrin do it? Had her stories about Lovell worked on his imagination? If so, there might be a chance of reconciliation. So, thinking that she will find him at the flat, she comes here. On his way downtown with Dougherty, Flandrin repudiates her. Again the poison works in her mind. When my questions got on her nerves, she exploded—by confessing and involving him."

"But can any woman be as low as that? Try to send an innocent man to the chair for a murder he did not commit?"

Colt smiled whimsically.

"That seldom happens. A woman knows she can always change her mind. She would clear him long before. But meanwhile she would like to make him suffer, and taste her power over him. More, she would like to put him under obligation to her, to feel superior, to be the one who saved his life—it is an experience common enough to the police, Tony. When it is over, Flora will go back to the tabloids and make an unclean breast of it all."

The telephone was ringing. Captain Hurley was calling to dictate to me a list of rifle purchasers from the Continental Tear Gas Company. I wrote out the list in longhand as it came over the wire and passed it, name by name, to Thatcher Colt.

"We must check all these," muttered Colt, "but so far none of them seems to mean anything."

But just as he said that I laid before the Commissioner the last of the names. The Commissioner stared incredulously at the penciled memorandum.

"This is fantastic!" he exclaimed. "Why should this man buy a tear-gas rifle?"

No wonder Thatcher Colt was surprised. For the name was that of Josie La Tour's admirer, the millionaire who had ardently pursued her with flowers and jewels—Marburg Lovell!

Colt seized his hat and stick.

"We're off, Tony!" he cried, his voice tingling with excitement. "Get Gminder. We've got to ask a few questions of Mr. Marburg Lovell."

"But what about Flora? She's still out."

"Leave her," was Colt's indifferent recommendation. "She won't disappear."

In the hallway we found a sergeant and two patrolmen. Colt explained the situation, and one of the bluecoats was delegated to telephone Dougherty about the ex-wife's statement and then wait by Flora's side to take her to the D. A.'s office if desired.

Drawn up at the curb was the Commissioner's private car. At the wheel sat the placid and platter-faced Neil McMahon, impassive and intrepid madman. The same Neil carried an old knife wound in his thigh and eleven bullet scars in various parts of his anatomy—souvenirs of nights and days with Thatcher Colt.

Giving as a direction one of the most aristocratic old corners of upper Fifth Avenue, Colt sprang lightly into his car, Gminder and I following. In a second we were off, snorting across Eightieth Street and through Central Park eastward toward our destination. The rain had

come and gone; the lights of New York were dimmed, and most decent citizens were now asleep.

"I am a fair student of crime," remarked Thatcher Colt suddenly, "and I have tried to find a parallel in the past for the fantastic business of this murder. Except the glass-ball bombs I mentioned, I don't recall a single case that resembles it. Of course lethal gases have been used before—especially in the epidemic of garage murders, some years ago, with carbon monoxide as the death agency. Most of those were passed off as suicides, and many a widow, really a murderess, lived unsuspected off the first husband's insurance money and married another man more to her taste.

"But such cases have only a remote resemblance in fact to the death of the circus queen. It is quite probable, Tony, that we are facing a crime really unique in criminology. That is why—while chatting with you on this exceedingly bumpy taxi ride—my brain has been trying to formulate some rule of practice to follow.

"Certain notions force themselves on one's attention. I ask myself, 'Where did the killer stand when he fired the shot that killed Josie La Tour?' And you know, Tony, that question alone is almost impossible to answer—that is, with the facts now in hand. For there was bound to be a flash from the gun—and that flash of fire was bound to be seen. True, the rolling of the drums obscured the sound of the shot. But what hid the sight of flame and smoke when the shot was fired? Remember, the whole arena was dark except for the spotlights trained on La Tour. If a man lit a cigarette at the other end of the Garden, the glow of his match would have been visible to nearly twenty thousand persons. So you see what an important—and for the present insoluble—riddle this one question seems to be!"

"Have you formed any working theory about it?"

Colt smiled enigmatically.

"Perhaps the gun was fired in front of all eyes," he replied. "But it would have had to be concealed so that the gun-flash was invisible."

"But how?" I persisted.

Colt did not reply. With a jerking swoop into the curb, the car halted in front of the Fifth Avenue mansion of Marburg Lovell.

It was a fine specimen of the private houses, Italian-palace style, that twenty years ago lined the fashionable avenues of Manhattan. Now most of them have vanished.

In silence Professor Gminder and I followed Colt through an arched doorway and up a curving flight of marble steps with a graceful banister. The Commissioner pressed the bell button. On the stillness we heard the ringing like the sound of far-off chimes. Again and again Colt pushed the button, more and more insistently, until at last a feeble light appeared between the iron grille work and glass of the massive front doors and we saw a figure in a dressing gown descending the inner stairs.

A butler opened the door a little way and stared at us balefully. "Mr. Lovell has retired," he announced without ceremony.

"We are from the police," returned the Commissioner with decision. "Tell Mr. Lovell that Mr. Thatcher Colt must see him at once!"

"CERTAINLY, Mr. Commissioner."

The manner of the serving man was instantly deferential as he drew back the door and admitted us into the lofty foyer. In the shadows I caught glimpses of shields and spears, suits of armor, and vast tapestries spread upon the walls. Fugitive glints of light fell upon the sleek buttocks of marble dancing girls, fauns and satyrs, and glimmered against the glass sides of cases holding golden cups and other *objets d'art*. Clearly, Marburg Lovell, like many another New York millionaire, lived in a house that was really a private museum.

"If you will wait just a minute, I will tell Mr. Lovell you are here," announced the butler, and disappeared up the staircase.

Presently the butler returned.

"Mr. Lovell will see you in the library!"

Colt and I, leaving Gminder in the lower hall, followed the butler to the second floor, walking down wide corridors lined with paintings in gilded frames, and arriving at last before a pair of lofty double doors of carved and ponderous oak. One of these doors was opened, and from the corridor I looked through to an immense room half a city block in length, its walls lined with bookshelves reached by long traveling ladders. At the far end was a single painting, probably an original Rembrandt, centered in the wall of books.

In the middle of the room was a desk of the most florid Louis Quatorze period, and standing behind it, his pallid face with its black eye patch reflecting the light of an overhanging lamp, loomed the owner of these premises.

"Good evening, Mr. Commissioner," greeted Lovell urbanely. "Or should I say good morning?"

The two of us stood before the desk now.

"Chairs, gentlemen," invited Marburg Lovell, with a fastidious gesture. "And may I offer you refreshments—brandy, coffee—what you wish?"

Colt waved aside the hospitality.

"We have come here, as you probably guess, to talk with you about the death of Josie La Tour," the Commissioner explained, sinking into an armchair in front of Lovell's desk.

THE millionaire's stare widened. "The police are working on that?" he exclaimed. "I am twice astonished—first, that there should be any need for police investigation; second, that you should include me in your labors!"

And settling down in his chair, this Crœsus with the patch over his eye opened a humidor, lifted out for himself a long cigar, and calmly proceeded to bite its end and light it. His superb indifference to a surprise visit from the authorities, his tranquil superiority, might easily have angered Thatcher Colt. Perhaps, indeed, it did anger him. At all events, he said:

"We know, Lovell, that you did your best to become the lover of Josie La Tour."

"Yes? Well, that is true—I did!"

"And we know that you did not get very far!"

"Again I repeat—yes."

"She was here this afternoon."

Lovell opened his mouth in frank astonishment.

"How in God's name did you know that?"

"What does it matter? Did you talk with her?"

"No—I did not know she was coming. I was away. Poor child, she waited two hours, but I got back much later."

"Know what she came for?"

"I do not. I tried to find out, but I was chased away from her door—I who own most of that damned circus, the more fool me! I hear you like the circus, Mr. Colt. I will sell you my share for a song!"

Colt did not criticize this lame attempt to change the subject. Instead he changed it himself. He leaned forward with a mild lifting of his dark brows, a narrowing of his lids, and a turning down of his lips, as he tilted his head to one side.

"Is it not true that you own a weapon known as a tear-gas rifle?"

Lovell showed no signs of being surprised as he calmly replied: "I did."

"One of powerful range—isn't it—capable of hitting a mark at more than one hundred and fifty yards?"

"Yes. And please, Mr. Colt—what of it? There is no law against owning such a weapon—the Sullivan law does not embrace tear-gas irons."

"May I see the gun?"

Mr. Marburg Lovell slid his upturned palms outward from his shoulders in a mocking gesture. "You are asking me that, Mr. Colt? But then, perhaps you have been so busy with more important matters that you did not recall my small misfortune!"

Thatcher Colt's voice crackled: "I do not understand your remark. Will you kindly answer my question?"

Lovell leaned forward, and the two men stared at each other across the ancient mahogany of the desk.

"Certainly," complied Lovell. There was no mistaking the underlying slur in his tone. "My tear-gas rifle

was stolen from this house. I reported the loss to the authorities early yesterday. You see, Mr. Commissioner, I made the mistake of assuming that you knew more about the affairs of your own department than, apparently, you do!"

I felt like striding forward and acquainting the unharmed eye of Mr. Marburg Lovell with the hardened knuckles of my right hand. But Colt's smile was one of benevolent skepticism. "I did know about your burglary report," he replied, "and told my assistant, Mr. Abbot, about it tonight, in the box at Madison Square Garden—the box just next to yours, Mr. Lovell, the box just facing the center ring, and about sixty feet from where Josie La Tour died, while you leaned against the railing and watched. But I had not been informed that the loss you reported was the theft of a tear-gas rifle."

"Well, you know it now!" snapped Marburg Lovell ungraciously. He turned a shade paler as he dropped back in his chair. But Thatcher Colt remained leaning forward, rigid, inflexible, and quite unshaken by the contemptuous attitude of his host.

"How did it happen," Colt pursued, "that you ever bought such a rifle? How did you ever hear of it? And why did you wish one?"

Lovell struck the polished top of the desk with his fist.

"And why do you ask me any such questions?" he demanded, showing his teeth. "What is the object of this sudden descent on me and these inquisitorial catechisms at such an hour? What in hell are you driving at with your offensive questions?"

"You will have to answer them, Mr. Lovell, here and now, or subject yourself to a more disagreeable method down at Headquarters."

LOVELL threw down his cigar with a heated oath.

"Hell, what have I got to hide?" he demanded. "You know and all New York knows that I am a big-game hunter. I have shot at least one of every kind of animal worth shooting in Africa, Asia, and parts of South America. Well, you also know that I am, to my cost, financial backer of this circus. There's where I heard of this new style of tear-gas gun. Crumps, the boss animal man, told me about it. So I ordered one. I was curious to see if this new bullet would have any appreciable effect on wild animals, and Crumps promised to make a test for me. That's how I got the gun."

"And when was it delivered?"

"Within the last three days—since Crumps came into town from Georgia on the show."

"What model gun, please?"

"Oh, I don't know—how would I remember that?"

"It carried those large, banana-sized cartridges?"

"That's right."

"How many of those cartridges did you buy at the time you acquired the rifle three days ago?"

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"How many? Oh, let me see—well, as I recall it there were only four or five. They were so large, I didn't want too many cluttering up the space in this house. I got this injury to my eye experimenting with the gun."

"Where are those cartridges now?"

Marburg Lovell looked blankly at Thatcher Colt.

"Stolen!" he declared.

"The cartridges too?"

"Yes, Mr. Colt."

"At what time did you report this burglary?"

"Oh, about nine o'clock yesterday morning."

"And approximately when do you think your house was entered and these cartridges and rifle stolen?"

"Sometime during the night before—I don't know what hour. Look here, Colt—was Josie La Tour murdered?"

"Yes!"

Marburg Lovell put his elbows on his desk and his jawbones in his palms. "You are trying to connect me with her death?"

"I am trying to find out who killed her," corrected Colt. "It happens that her death was caused by tear gas. And of all the persons touching her life, even remotely, you are the only one discovered so far who owns a tear-gas outfit."

Lovell's face was eloquent of surprise and something like admiration. "How in God's name did you ever find out she was killed by tear gas?"

Colt's eyes narrowed. "You are quick enough to see that such a method of killing would be hard to detect," he remarked. "Sorry that at this stage of the investigation I can't enlighten you as to our means of detecting it."

Marburg Lovell shrugged as if the matter were trivial.

"But meanwhile," pursued Colt, "I would like to have all the facts about the burglary."

"Facts? There are no facts. The gun was here when I went to bed and gone when I woke up."

"Now, Mr. Lovell, you and I are not going to get anywhere if you try to equivocate. There are plenty of facts and I want them all!"

"What facts, then?"

"This house is protected by the Druckland Automatic Electric Protection Service, isn't it?"

Lovell straightened up and looked at Colt incredulously. "How in hell did you know that?" he rasped. "How—"

"The wiring in your hallway makes it very evident," replied Colt. "What I want to know is—was the Druckland Protection signal turned on when you went to bed?"

"It certainly was!"

"And yet your house was burglarized!"

"Right!"

"No alarm?"

"None. I am sorry if I have seemed brusque, Mr. Colt—I did not mean to be—but this thing's got on my nerves. Here some fellow gets into my house, steals my rifle and gets away, and not a flicker from the burglary detection device. I thought that electric protection system could not be beat."

COLT permitted himself the luxury of a frail smile.

"Such systems are excellent," he said, "but there are any number of ways of beating them, if the criminal is clever enough."

"Will you tell me how?"

"Gladly—when we have the time. Now I want to see where you kept the gun and the cartridges."

Silently Marburg Lovell turned and walked toward the rear of the library. Colt and I followed. As I crossed the richly carpeted treasury of books, strange questions were buzzing in my head. Could it be possible that this patch-eyed millionaire had any real connection with the death of Josie La Tour? What could have been his motive? Mad jealousy? Or to rid himself of blackmail? Or—and this question bothered me most—was he actually telling the truth? Perhaps someone had burglarized his home, stolen the gun, and killed La Tour, with the hope that Marburg Lovell, known owner of such a weapon, would be accused.

"I stored the gun and the cartridges here," explained Marburg Lovell, approaching an ancient wooden chest set against the wall. It was a tall, double-bodied cabinet with four doors, elaborately carved, probably of the time of Cardinal Richelieu. As its wealthy owner opened the ornamental upper doors, the musty smell of centuries issued forth, but the interior was perfectly empty.

"The gun and cartridges reposed in here?" asked Colt.

"Yes. Nothing else had ever been stored in there by me."

Colt thrust his head in the cabinet; then, backing out, bent over, looking for dust and telltale marks. He found none. Then his hand reached down and tugged at the lower doors until they swung outward.

The next instant Colt stood back, his eyes wide with amazement. "What is that?" he asked in a low voice.

Marburg Lovell glanced curiously at the Commissioner; then, bending over, he squinted frowningly into the depths of the bottom half of his ancient cupboard.

"God Almighty!" Lovell ejaculated.

The gleaming object on the floor of the chest was visible to all—a stubby rifle of strange design: undoubtedly the missing tear-gas gun!

THE weapon looked like a cross between a rifle and a sawed-off shotgun. The shoulder rest and trigger resembled a rifle, but the barrel was thick, pudgy, and sullen, for all that it was gayly finished in chromium.

"Had you looked in that lower half of the box since the gun was missed?" demanded the Commissioner, turning a piercing gaze on Lovell.

"I had not."

Out of the strange hiding place Colt lifted the rifle, carried it over to the light of a floor lamp, and studied it intently. The gun was about twenty-six inches over all.

"This is quite similar to the type of tear-gas guns we use in Sing Sing, Auburn, and Dannemora," remarked the Commissioner. "And also like the standard type of equipment used by the New York state police. But I see there are some important modifications."

Then, bending lower and squinting, he added:

"I was hoping for more than modifications—something like scratches, marks on the chromium-plated barrel. I had rather anticipated that some kind of metallic attachment was clamped on there."

The millionaire reached out to receive the rifle. But Colt withheld it while he instructed Lovell to cover his palms and fingers with handkerchiefs: he wanted no spoiling of possible identification prints.

"I do not deny that you will find my own fingerprints on my own rifle," grumbled Lovell, again exhibiting signs of the surly nature for which he was renowned.

"But you don't wish to obliterate any possible trace of others?" Colt suggested with the utmost in friendly smiles.

Lovell took the gun in silence. "I see no scratches," he growled. "I do not know why you should expect to find them or what device could have made them."

Colt's face was close to the patched eye of Marburg Lovell; his voice became confidential as he murmured: "Some new kind of gimmick was used on it!"

"But a silencer would not scratch it—you surely must know that, Mr. Colt."

"I did not say silencer. This gun, or one like it, was aimed at Josie La Tour—and fired. The noise of the explosion was covered by the drumbeats. But what about the powder flash? In the darkened auditorium it would certainly be seen unless—"

Colt paused. Lovell cleared his throat uneasily.

"I see what you mean—a long funnel clamped to the end would hide the flash."

"Perhaps."

"But, Mr. Colt, if anybody sitting in Madison Square Garden produced, leveled, and aimed such a large and formidable-looking weapon as that, he would start a panic. He could not hope to do such a thing unnoticed."

Colt's smile was almost imperceptible.

"I see you have well considered the difficulties," he em-

phasized. "But you must also have realized that discovery would depend on where the marksman was standing —or sitting."

Lovell had paled slightly. "No, I have not so far considered that. Look here, Colt—you don't have any serious suspicion that I am mixed up in that poor girl's death?"

Colt's somber eyes were straight and steady. "You were in love with her," he pointed out. "You may have had reasons—"

"Preposterous!"

"And I suspect you are the only person among her friends and acquaintances known to own a weapon of the type by which she was killed."

"And I repeat I had nothing to do with her death! I wished her to live —frankly, for my own sake as well as for hers."

"You mean you still had hopes—"

"Yes, I do mean that. On the other hand, what possible cause could I have to wish her dead?"

Colt chose not to answer the question as he passed to me the tear-gas gun. "I told Neil to send for some additional detectives and have them wait for me downstairs," he revealed. "Send one of them downtown to turn this gun over to the Ballistics Department and the fingerprint men. Tell them to work fast."

MY errand performed, I hastened again upstairs, in time to hear Colt summarizing clearly to Lovell the difficulties of the situation. "Your story seems quite impossible," the Commissioner was pointing out. "Like many other rich men these times, you have filled your house with guards. And you have an electric burglary system. You say your tear-gas gun was stolen—yet when I search for it I find it."

"Yes, but—"

"Yes, but tell me—what do you expect me to believe from a set of facts like that? Am I to suppose the unknown got in here, not once but twice, in spite of your guards?"

"I know it sounds mad—but what else could have happened?"

"That, Mr. Lovell, is what I am asking you! Are we to look for a murderer who gained access to your premises in spite of your electric burglar alarm, stole the gun, put a funnel on it, carried it unnoticed into Madison Square Garden, killed Josie La Tour with no one the wiser, got out of the Garden, returned here, into your house, hid the gun in your cabinet, and finally escaped? Is that what I am to believe?"

Marburg Lovell threw up his hands. "It's as good a theory as any other, isn't it?" he rasped. "I don't know anything about it. I didn't kill her—"

"So you said before," Colt reminded him soothingly. "You go ahead with your whisky and soda, Mr. Lovell—and let me prowl around. Mind?" It was a command more than a request. We left Marburg Lovell at the library desk as Colt led me once more on one of those tireless and detailed searches, from room to room, on all four floors of the rich man's house. He began in the Italian garden at the back of the house, and here he made what he plainly considered an important discovery. Weaving his powerful pocket lamp, Colt had covered all the lawn and garden plots, and came at last to the base of a set of enormous iron bars.

"An agile, skilled athlete could easily climb those bars," the Commissioner remarked thoughtfully.

"But the electric alarm?"

"That is quite a different problem," returned Colt absently.

He had knelt suddenly on the pebbled walk and his hand had flattened on the earth at the feet of the iron bars. Something was in his hands. He lifted it and held it in the powerful rays of his torch. What he had found was like a small piece of dried mud. In the dark of the garden Colt smiled at me.

"Tony," he said, "I think I am getting old—beginning to lose my faculties. Why, I have been wrong on this case almost from the very start—wrong—wrong!"

He sprang excitedly to his feet.

"Hurry!" he cried. "We have a lot of work to do."

In next week's installment you'll see this all-important clue bring Colt closer to a solution of the mystery.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A New Wrinkle

DENZIL had noticed his grandmother's work-roughened and wrinkled hands. The next day his mother was bathing him and had to leave for a few minutes. His hands, soaking in the water, began to get wrinkled, which prompted his alarmed cry:

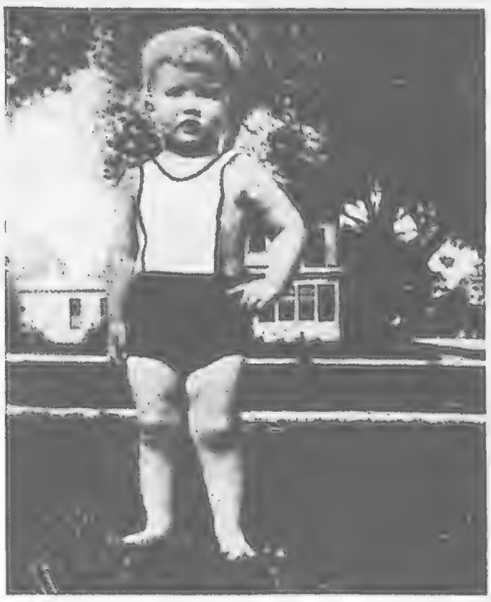
"Oh, mother, come quick and take me out before I turn into a grandma!"—Mattie Earl, St. George, Utah.

Shameless Horses

JACK off and on all day had watched workmen preparing for a new building—the process of excavation and the horses hauling dirt away in wagons.

About quitting time he came dashing in to his mother crying: "Mother, come quick and see the horses walking around without their wagons on!"—Mrs. W. H. Cowdery, Box 285, R. D. No. 2, Clayton, Mo.

● NORMAN GORDON COOK, *at 2 years*



MOTHERLESS, STARVING—

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"WHEN my little nephew was 13 days old," writes Mrs. Norman King, 620 East 19th St., Cheyenne, Wyoming, "his mother died. Up to that time he was nearly starved and cried so much and was restless. There was nothing to him but skin and bones.

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Vox

What's Cold Soup if You're Reading Hot Stuff?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As far as I can recall, Liberty has never run a series of articles as intensely thrilling and really instructive as those by Lowell Thomas. How I enjoy them!

My husband reads them before dinner and during the first course, while the soup gets cold. But he can get hold

of them only after my twelve-year-old son has read them, wide-eyed and eager.

The hair-raising one in Liberty for October 15, called "Men Who Are Buried Alive," was typical of the whole series.

More! More!—*Always a Reader.*

Voices from the Side Lines as the Big Race Nears Its Finish

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I've just concluded reading some imbecilic utterances in Vox Pop regarding the "constructive work" done by the Republican Party.

With its labyrinth of "special privilege" policies toward combines and trusts, I would say that these United States have grown in spite of the Republican Party. If the Harding administration and Teapot Dome scandal are examples of Republican constructive work and integrity in office—then thank God for a Democratic Party!—*A. S. T.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Let's allow Hoover to finish up the splendid reconstruction program he's right in the middle of! I tell you, if we make a change now, there can be only one result: *chaos!*—*M. Harris.*

BROOKINGS, S. D.—I wish to reply to a letter from St. Louis, written by one who signed his name L. R. B.

It is peculiar, but true, that so many Republican writers claim that, when hard times occur during a Democratic administration, it is the fault of the party in power, but when hard times occur during a Republican administration, it is nobody's fault, but happens in spite of everything.

Mr. L. R. B. says that all constructive work in the last sixty years has been done by the Republican Party; but if he will refresh his memory, he will remember that the greatest legislation that has been passed by any Congress, and approved by the President, was made law during a Democratic administration—namely, the income-tax law and the Federal Reserve banking law.

It took the great Democratic Party to put those laws over, and they have proved so popular that the Republican Party has not dared to abolish them since it returned to power.—*Theodore J. Knutson.*

ARLINGTON, VA.—If those Democratic Vox Poppers who blame the Republican Party for hard times will study the record of every session of Congress during the Hoover administration they will find that Mr. Hoover has been harassed, hampered, hamstrung, and hijacked by every Democratic and Progressive humbug in Congress since 1929.

They have intensified and prolonged the depression by trying to force through their impractical plans for ending the depression.—*E. C. Lyle.*

HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—The Des Moines speech of President Hoover was so romantic—especially that part relating to farmers—that it could have been written by Robert W. Chambers. The logic of his speech could only be equaled by Robert Benchley, and the amusing factors been supplied by Elliott White Springs.

The President's expressed tenderness and consideration for the hungry and homeless millions of our people could not approach the regard shown by Al Capone.

Capone at least fed them!—*Charles P. Green.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Not fully comprehending the meaning and causes of the depression, the people of every nation seem to be easily influenced by those who point their fingers at the heads of their respective governments and say: "He did it!"

To attack our captain's character and accuse him of insincerity is nothing short of cowardice.

It is just such methods that the enemy forces employed in their propaganda in wartime to break up morale in our ranks.

After listening to Mr. Hoover's Des Moines speech it is difficult to imagine a fair-minded person not being impressed by his sincerity and profound desire to speed the return of prosperous times.

Let's stick with the ship!—*E. A. Peterson.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Mr. Roosevelt will be elected by a terrific majority. The American voter and taxpayer no longer cares to be milked dry for the benefit of Europe.—*Victor Ehrman.*

If Not a Heaven, at Least It's a Haven

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—I see by Vox Pop that E. Rayburn feels that the back-to-the-farm movement is like digging for gold in a vein of iron pyrites. She must indeed be ignorant of the advantages a small farm offers.

Of course, to the city born and bred, it might be a quiet existence—but in these times it is a case of exist at all.

Calvin Walker

The average human being, with no previous experience, *can* work his land for a livelihood. Directions for planting come with the seeds—the hens lay the eggs, which must simply be gathered. I fear E. Rayburn is confused, and is thinking of farming as done by the truck farmer, who works for great profit. The back-to-the-farm movement offers food and shelter—a haven to the city-beset idle.—*Calvin Walker.*

Where Did You Get the Quaint Idea that There's Only One Contest Judge?

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—After five years of earnest endeavor in trying to see just what a check from Liberty looks like, I have come to the wise conclusion that there is only one way to win a prize. You must get the Contest Editor's angle correctly. You've got to see eye to eye with him, and your mind must march in step with his. Otherwise, all your postage, brain fag, and time are wasted.

I might have the best contest solution in the world and submit it. The editor has his one-track mind, so it's thrown into the discard. One man's judgment

should never be final; hardly ever two men think alike.

For this reason, why would it not be a good idea to have about one dozen judges, every one with a different angle? Let them fight their decisions out among themselves, and then abide by the verdict of the majority.

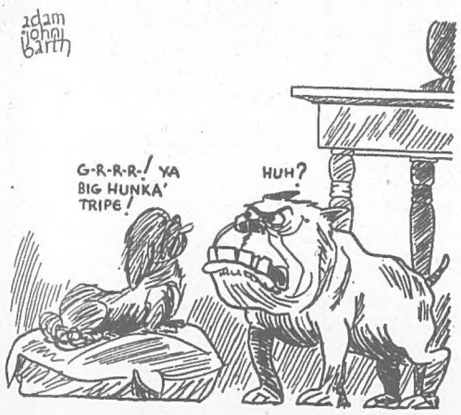
Then maybe disappointed contributors will get a break.—*J. C. Scott.*

Pop

"Could 20,000 Troops Take New York?"—or Couldn't They?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm wondering about those "officers directly concerned with our national defense" who gave Lorimer Hammond the information on which he based his funny article, "Could 20,000 Troops Take New York?"

Don't try to tell me those officers have been smoking nothing stronger than cigars or cigarettes. Opium is what



they've been smoking. They've been hitting the pipe hard, and that vision of theirs, of New York at the mercy of a handful of foreigners, is just a pipe dream.

Twenty thousand men can take New York—yeah, the way a pet Pekingese can razz and "take" an English bulldog!—*F. Johnson.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—That nation which is smug enough to believe itself immune from conquest is inviting disaster. At present the United States is precisely in that state of mind. But a few more articles like "Could 20,000 Troops Take New York?" might rouse Uncle Sam from his dream of security.—*B. J.*

ELIZABETH, N. J.—The marine aviator who is quoted, in Lorimer Hammond's article, as saying that he, alone, could kill every man, woman, and child in New York in one night with gas, is entitled to rank with Baron Münchhausen.

The present-day war gases are phosgene, mustard gas, and lewisite. None will penetrate the modern gas mask and none will pass through the cracks of a reasonably tight window. To be effective a gas must hug the ground. If it becomes more than twenty feet thick, it is too diffuse to have the required toxic value.

Therefore, one may go up several floors in a building and be reasonably safe from the effects of gas.

Through those artificial cañons, the streets of a modern city, air currents are always stirring which would rapidly diffuse any gas and render it ineffective. Because the greater part of the area of a city is covered by buildings, a large part of the bombs dropped from airplanes would fall on the roofs and the gas would be rapidly and harmlessly dissipated, perhaps with a few casualties in the upper floors of the building.

With present-day gases, it would be impossible to do more than disrupt the activities of a city for a brief period, after which life would proceed as usual. —*J. L. Everhart, Chemical Engineer.*

WESLEYVILLE, PA.—Regardless of criticism you hew right next to the line. Your article, "Could 20,000 Troops Take New York?" is worthy of praise. I've advocated for years greater preparation of defense in air and on land. The authorities at Washington seem asleep on the need of preparedness.

Pacifism is silly, particularly after the experience of the World War.—*Rev. Arthur Sangston.*

Public Proclamation

HOUSTON, TEX.—Gather close, O ye knock-kneed, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, lantern-jawed, slew-footed, cross-eyed, snaggle-toothed, pusillanimous growlers, kickers, knockers, pessimists and crape-hangers who have tried to discourage and ridicule me for submitting entries in Liberty contests, and hearken unto the truth! I have won a prize in a Liberty Limerick Contest!

W. H. Lee, Jr.

Selah. I have spoken.—*W. H. Lee, Jr.*

When North Was South

PIERRE, S. D.—It is my opinion, as well as that of every person in South Dakota, that Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, author of "To the Ladies," should study up on geography a little.

In your October 15 issue of Liberty she tells us of Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, politician, and philosopher. Then she goes on to tell us of the wonderful pageant of stone he is carving in the Black Hills of *North* Dakota!

The Black Hills are *not* in North Dakota, but are located in South Dakota; they are the highest mountains east of the Rocky Mountains. This memorial to Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt is carved on the side of the mountain of stone known as Mount Rushmore.

I think Liberty owes South Dakota an apology for this mistake.—*A Coyote from Pierre.*

We'll Bet You Flunked in Arithmetic

BOSTON, MASS.—If Liberty were five times as good as it now is, it would be worth exactly one fifth of what you now charge for it.—*Lily.*

Mr. Levy (of the Leaping Levys) to Mr. Abbot

BROCKTON, MASS.—I'm enjoying Anthony Abbot's serial, "About the Murder of the Circus Queen." It is good stuff and pretty true to life. But—I am a professional acrobat (in vaudeville) and I never heard of a star performer of feats such as Josie La Tour did eating for dinner (before her act) what is described as her favorite menu. Here it is:

"Shrimp cocktail, mushroom soup, roast veal stuffed, canned ears of corn, Idaho baked potatoes, beets and broccoli, endive salad, strawberry shortcake, and coffee."

I sure crave just one dinner like that! But after my act—not before. And yet the entire police force of New York is mystified by her sudden death in the midst of her difficult and exacting turn! I'll say she was *asking* for it!—*A. J. Levy of the Leaping Levys Act.*

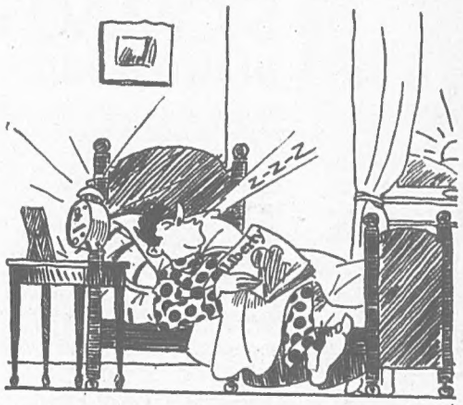
Letter for You, Mr. Franklin

STUART, VA.—Three cheers for the intelligence and courage of Jay Franklin in word-painting the contemporary scene as it stands today and in pointing the way to America, with his "Are We Ripe for a 'Revolution'?"

Also, my congratulations to Liberty for throwing the vast power of its circulation and influence on the side of the robbed and oppressed masses of the common people.—*W. G. Hylton.*

You Don't Need a Clock—You Need an Earthquake

TAMPA, FLA.—Have you ever suffered from insomnia? You have? Well, here's a sure cure. Buy a Liberty; read one of Jay Franklin's articles as a dose. Should this not help, take a dose of



Halyburton's lies or Rex Beach's imaginings every two hours.

Yes, sir, Liberty stories are slow. I have become so drowsy, slumberous, somnolent, and lethargic from reading them that I sleep right through the most alarming alarm clock's best efforts. Let me tell you, good stories in this mag are as scarce as midnight rainbows. —*J. R. C.*

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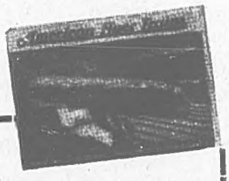
DADS, too, make railroading a hobby



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A SWEET STOMACH IN TWO MINUTES

What a pity when youth and vitality are set at naught by a disordered stomach and bad breath! Don't have them at any age! Hearty eaters—hard smokers — high livers — find Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a boon and a blessing.

Why have a sour stomach, or risk a bad breath? Chew a Stuart Tablet. No soda, just a soothing combination of Calcium Carbonate, (the modern anti-acid, more effective than soda) Magnesium and the like. Result:- a sweet stomach, improved digestion, no pains, no discomfort. *"A Sweet Stomach for twenty-five cents."* Try them today.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

AT ALL DRUG STORES: 25c and 60c

The Quickest Relief for Gastric disorder

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon and 6c in stamps to cover mailing cost to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 10-N, Marshall, Mich.

Name.....

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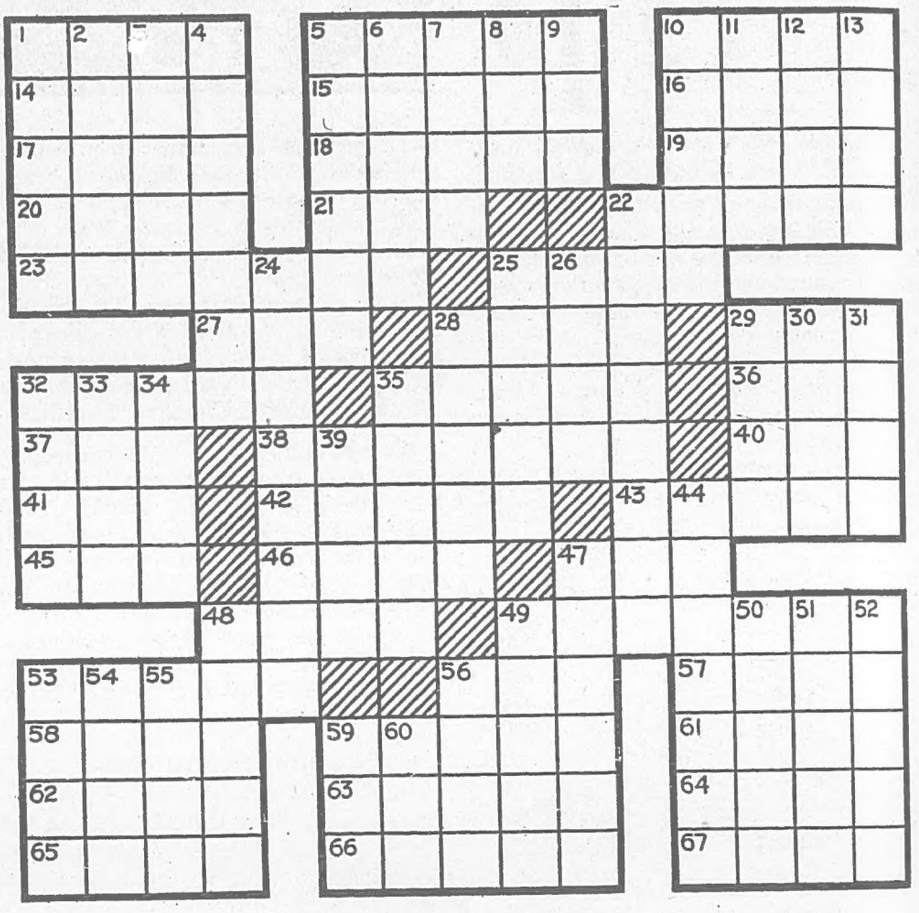
Town.....

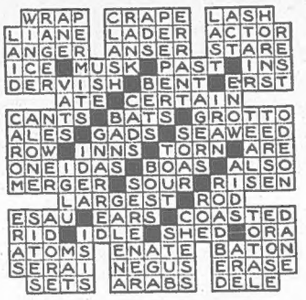
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 A melody
5 A race of cabbage
10 To part with
14 To fix
15 Prostrate
16 Story
17 To assign by measure
18 Ceremonies
19 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
20 Used for baking
21 A beverage
22 Hinder or prevent from action
23 Essential oil of orange flowers (plural)
25 Offered, as a defense, in court
27 A product of electrolysis
28 Like or pertaining to wings
29 Brought about
32 Kind of carnelian (plural)
35 Famous violin maker
36 Poem
37 Work diligently
38 Lured
40 Note of Guido's scale
41 A Japanese statesman
42 Running knot
43 Manufacturing city in Germany
45 Small child
46 Resins
47 Eagle
48 Cardinal numbers
49 A light steel helmet
53 An amorphous substance, usually transparent
56 To stop
57 Elf (Persian myth.)
58 An Italian silver coin
59 Clipped
61 Scheme
62 First name of famous Persian poet
63 To cleanse
64 Otherwise
65 Interwoven strips (plural)
66 Mohammedan noble
67 Material used for dyeing



WRAP CRAPE LASH
LIANE LADER ACTOR
ANGER ANSER STARE
ICE MUSK PAST INS
DERVISH BENT ERST
ATE CERTAIN
CANTS BATS GROTTO
ALES GADS SEAWEED
ROW INNS TORN ARE
ONEIDAS BOAS ALSO
MERGER SOUR RISEN
LARGEST ROD
ESAU EARS COASTED
RID IDLE SHED ORA
ATOMS ENATE BATON
SERAI NEGUS ERASE
SETS ARABS DELE

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A people of a Semitic race (Biblical)
2 To fasten by passing through a hole
3 To bury
4 Like or pertaining to a gland
5 To weaken, as a joint
6 Covering of certain seeds (plural)
7 Ballot
8 Single; unique
9 Affirmative
10 Horse
11 A stag
12 Additional to, or accompanying
13 Ruminant animal
22 Mockers
24 Diamond-shaped figures (variant)
25 Put in a particular spot
26 Coming after the usual time
28 Wrongly
29 Accomplishes thoroughly
30 To waste time in unemployment
31 Chief of a body of men by right of years
32 A slender pointed rod
33 A tenor violin
34 Cultivator of the soil in India
35 Minute particles
39 Name of a person, place, or thing
44 Clipped off suddenly; nipped
47 One who acquires by service
48 Autocrats of a bygone day
49 Large flat-bottomed boat
50 Woman's nickname
51 Obliterate
52 Prongs
53 To give forth vivid light
54 A rutaceous tree
55 Desert dweller
56 A tiresome person
59 A resort containing mineral springs
60 An inarticulate nasal sound

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ATTENTION

WRITERS

ATTENTION

Another Great First Story Offer!

$10,000

HAS BEEN SET ASIDE FOR UNKNOWN AUTHORS

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish..

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

83 out of 100
SLEEP BETTER

When They Take Ovaltine At Night

"83 people out of every 100 sleep better when they take Ovaltine."

This is the statement of an eastern university scientist. Recently he made a test with Ovaltine on 2,500 people. He asked them to take it for three nights straight, and then report as to how they slept.

The people were selected at random. And the test proved that on the average, 83 people per 100 slept better when they took Ovaltine warm at bedtime. Of the remaining 17 per cent, many stated that they already slept perfectly well and did not need any aid.

This practical test merely substantiates scientific facts about Ovaltine that have been known to thousands of doctors and scientists for years.

Ovaltine, as you may know, is a delicious food-drink that is now being manufactured in Canada. When taken warm at night, it not only brings sleep, but also contains properties that rebuild tissues while you sleep. It makes you waken clear-eyed and refreshed in the morning, your nerves more calm. It also greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue, and enables you to "come back" far more quickly when you are tired.

This Is How It Acts

Authorities state that the three most common causes of sleeplessness are:

(1) Blood-congested brain cells. (2) Digestive unrest. (3) Nervous irritability.

Ovaltine is so phenomenally successful because it combats all three.

First: When taken as a warm drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. This combats the mental over-activity, which often keeps you awake when you are trying to get to sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

Begin Tonight

So say "goodbye" to sleepless nights. Get acquainted with Ovaltine this very night—and see how quickly you sleep.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits it brings. Observe how quickly you fall asleep every night.

See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

That's why millions take it *night after night*, largely on physicians' advice.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. *Try it and see for yourself.*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

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for restful sleep